Jester's Picnic.

A Scene in New York.—One of our exchanges thus humorously "takes off" Huntington's plea of "moral insanity"—a plea set up now-a-days by nearly every murderer and forger:

Shopkeeper—"Hullos there! here, you nigger, what are you doing with those boots?"

"Nuh, I'se only jist takin' um away."

Shopkeeper—"Taking them away, you scoundrel, don't you know that is stealing?"

"Be keerful, massa, how you accuse dis nigger ob stealing. I'se morally insane."

The late Prince Bishop of Wurzburg, in one of his hunting expeditions, met a poor boy attending some swine. The prince, among other questions, asked him what his wages were for a swineherd:

"A new suit and two pair of shoes every year," was the reply.

"No more!" said the prince. "Look at me, I am a shepherd, too, but I wear better clothes and look better."

"That may be, sir," said the boy in his simplicity, "but I dare say you have more swine to keep than I have!"

A boy was caught in the act of stealing dried berries in front of a store the other day, and was locked up in a dark closet by the grocer. The boy commenced begging most pathetically to be released, and, after using all the persuasion that his young imagination could invent, proposed:

"Now, if you'll let me out and send for my daddy, he'll pay you for the berries and lick me besides!"

The appeal was too much for the grocery man to stand out against.

"I'm very ill," said Skinflint, once essaying
To get a doctor's counsel without paying.
"I see it," quoth the wily old physician;
"You're in a most deplorable condition."
"But tell me," cried the miser, "for God's sake,
Tell me, dear doctor, what I ought to take?"
"Take! as to that—why—take, at any price,"
Replied the leech, "*take medical advice.*"

To cure Baldness.—Take one pint of castor oil, half a pint of turpentine, two ounces of bitumen, and a gill of camphene. Shake them like blazes; rub it into the bald spot, and saturate what hair you have left. Plan of operation: when the hair is perfectly damp and sticky with this compound, touch it off with a lighted candle. If this does not *fetch it out*, then it is *past fetching*.

It's better to brew bear than mischief—to be smitten with a young lady than with the rheumatism; to fall into a fortune than into the sea—to be pitted with a mother-in-law than the small pox—to cut a tooth than a friend; to stand a dinner than an insult—to shoot partridges instead of the moon—to have the drawing of an artist instead of a blister.

A good wife, according to Plutarch, should be as a looking glass to represent her husband's face and passion; if he be pleasant, she should be merry; if he laugh, she should smile; if he look sad, she should participate of his sorrow, and bear a part with him; and so should they continue in mutual love one towards another.

"John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a fall, which cut a most horrible gash in his arm."

"Ah, poor fellow; what did he fall on?"

"Well, really, I forget now, but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

"Talking of law," said Pompey, "makes me tink of what de mortal Coke, who lib more dan a thousand year ago, say. Him say, De law is like a groun glass window, dat give light 'nough to light us poor ernin' mortals in de dark passages of dis life; but it would gumble de dibil himself to see troo it."

A Musical Cracker.—From Orpheus to Morpheus there is only the jump of a letter, and yet there are singers who combine the qualities of both, singing most soporiferously. The supposition is that Orpheus was designated Morpheus in all cases when he was called in, as a kind of musical nurse, to sing persons to sleep.

Dan Marble said he once partook of a rooster so old that he was bald-headed. To get the feathers out the "housegal" had to use a claw-hammer, and the creature was so tenacious of life that after being baked two hours, he still continued to crow. With a few leather pickles such poultry must be inviting.

When Bishop Horne took possession of the Episcopal palace at Norwich, in 1771, he turned around upon the steps, and exclaimed:

"Rises us, bless us! what a multitude of people!"

"O, my lord," said a bystander, "this is nothing to the crowd on Friday last, to see a man hanged!"

Dr. Durbin, the great Methodist orator, once attempted to preach from the text, "Remember Lot's wife," and made a failure. Afterwards remarking to Dr. Bond that he did not know the reason of his failure, the venerable doctor replied that "he had better thereafter *let other people's wives alone!*"

A lady writes to Punch, referring to the law punishing men who beat their wives, thus her's does worse by arguing with her whenever she makes a mistake. "I had rather he would beat me, than I would have the hammer hammer" with his nasty disagreeable logic! he quite makes my head ache!"

"It is very hard, my lord," said a convicted felon at the bar, to Judge Jarlet, "to hang a poor man for stealing a horse."

"You are not to be hanged, sir," answered the judge, "for stealing a horse, but you are to be hanged that horses may not be stolen."

"Papa, I know what makes some folks call pistols, horse pistols."

"Why, my son?"

"Because they kick so."

"Mary, put that boy to bed, he is so sharp he will cut somebody."

"Conscience!" said Mr. Hopkins, indignantly; "do you suppose that nobody has got any conscience but yourself? My conscience is as good as yours—ay, and better, too, for it has never been worn in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out!"

An absent wife is here called upon to return to bed and board. "Jane—your absence will ruin all. Think of your husband—your cause—your children. Return—all may be well—happy. At any rate enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

A Minnesota paper recording a sleighride of 800 miles, says that "it has become an established fact that for sleighing, dears, minus the reins, are preferable to raindeers." Undoubtedly, for it is very unsafe to let the dears get possession of the reins!

An Irishman, writing from Ohio, says it is the most litigant home in the world. "The first three weeks," he says, "you are boarded gratis, and after that you are charged nothing at all. Come along and bring the children."

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THE TIGER HUNTER:

—OR,—

THE WARRIOR PRIEST OF MEXICO.

A Story of Military Adventure.

BY LAWRENCE G. SPENCER.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVI.—[CONTINUED.]

Don Rafael instantly recognized the horseman, who galloped up, as he uttered these words, and we cannot deny that, brave as he was, he could not help experiencing a certain amount of satisfaction on seeing that the enemy he had before him was Colonel Trujano, the former muleteer. Trujano, on his part, had as promptly recognized the royalist officer.

But too proud to be the first to appeal to old relations with one of the victorious enemies who surrounded him, with one whose life he had saved in return for the immense service to himself, Don Rafael pushed his horse so furiously towards Trujano's that he would doubtless have overthrown him if a hand had not violently pulled his bridle. It was Don Cornelio's hand.

As the risk of being crushed by the feet of the two horses, which seemed desirous of rushing at each other, Don Cornelio, still glowing with emotion at the colonel's generosity towards him, had sprung forward as a mediator between Don Rafael and Trujano.

"Senor Trujano," cried the captain, "I know not what you mean by speaking of a victory for which the general is indebted to me; but if I have any right to recompense, I desire none other than the life and liberty of Don Rafael Tres Villas."

"I ask mercy of none," said the colonel, haughtily.

"Will you do me the favor at least to give me your hand?" said Trujano, cordially offering his own to the colonel.

"Never to a conqueror," replied the colonel, though he was touched, in spite of himself by his enemy's words.

"There is neither victor nor vanquished here," replied Trujano, with that look and smile which won all hearts, when religious austerity did not efface its gentleness: "there is here only a man who remembers."

"And another who has not forgotten!" cried Don Rafael, warmly, seizing the hand still extended towards him.

Then bringing their horses together, the riders exchanged a cordial embrace. Trujano seized this opportunity to whisper in his enemy's ear, with a delicacy which profoundly touched the colonel, whose pride he spared:

"Go, you are free. Only henceforth spare the beautiful tresses of captured women, though there was one whose heart bounded with pride, when she guessed why the victor of Aguas Calientes sent her this terrible and distant souvenir."

And he added, disengaging himself from the too convulsive grasp of Don Rafael:

"Go, and make yourself a prisoner at the hacienda of Las Palmas; the road is open. Go thither—believe me, take my advice."

Then, as if he had been too long occupied with worldly thoughts, the features of Trujano resumed their habitual expression of ascetic gravity, and when Don Rafael's eye searched keenly for the true meaning of his last words, the insurgent colonel cried:

"Let Colonel Tres Villas pass, gentlemen, and let every one dismiss all thought of what has taken place."

He saluted Don Rafael with his sword, and the latter, still disturbed in mind, could only reply by a look expressive of the deepest gratitude. The colonel pressed Don Cornelio's hand, and bowing coldly to the others, dashed out of the lane at full speed, without knowing whither he was going.

Still, when he was alone, he slackened the pace of his horse. Were Trujano's last words—"Go thither—take my advice," a sign of a kind welcome awaiting him at Las Palmas? Should he stop there before joining Lieutenant Varragay at the hacienda del Valle, to undertake a final campaign against Arroyo?

And now again love strove with duty. Don Rafael would not have hesitated so long about repairing to the hacienda if a beneficent fairy could have told him that at the same hour, and thirty leagues away, an incident had occurred of a nature to reconcile, for the first time, his duty with his love.

A messenger, the same who had, a few days before, brought back Don Rafael's horse to the hacienda del Valle, presented himself again, but this time with a purely personal message for Don Rafael Tres Villas. Lieutenant Varragay, who was a rather unceremonious Catalan, received the messenger. "Whence came you?" he asked.

"From Oajaca."

"Who sent you?"

"Don Mariano Silva."

"What do you want with the colonel?"

"I can only tell the colonel himself."

"Then go and look for him at Huajapam, unless you prefer to wait a few days for his return here."

"I prefer to go; the message I bear admits of no delay."

The messenger was then on the way to Huajapam at the very moment when Don Rafael was leaving it, uncertain, as we have seen, what direction to take.

During this period, Trujano, returning to the field of battle strewn with the dead, made his men kneel and publicly return thanks to the God of armies who had just delivered them from a long and painful siege. Morelos, on his part, had also invited his men to pray, and Don Rafael was not yet so far off but that the voice of insurgents chanting canticles and pious hymns reached his ears.

As these distant melodies sounded mournfully in his ears, tears of sadness filled his eyes. Reviewing all the circumstances which had forced him to change his line of conduct, he thought that if he had only listened to his generous instincts, and not been led by a terrible duty, his voice might have been the first to mingle with those which were thanking God for the triumph of a cause of which he was the irreconcilable enemy. Don Rafael rapidly repulsed these thoughts, and resolved to go to the hacienda del Valle to renew his strength of purpose at his father's grave.

"Heaven protect him who does his duty!" said he, as he put his horse to a gallop to escape the chants which softened his heart by the melancholy recollections that they awakened in his breast.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRIDE AND LOVE.

Before accompanying the colonel in the perilous journey he is commencing through a province so completely won by the insurrection that only the capital Oajaca remained in the power of the Spaniards, other characters must engage our attention.

In the first place, we must recount what had passed in the hacienda of Las Palmas from the day on which Don Rafael had left it, so to say, at the discretion of the ferocious Arroyo and his partner, Bocardo. Up to this time, the two guerrilleros, who had taken refuge at their former masters, with the wrecks of their band which had been nearly destroyed by Captain Tres Villas, had consented to live on a footing of equality with them. The two bandits ate at their table, were served by their domestics, and moreover cast, Bocardo particularly, alarming looks of admiration at the silver plate used by the owners of the hacienda.

In the presence of Don Mariano, the avaricious guerillero had also made many allusions to the wealth of the royalists, and behind his back, had often undertaken to demonstrate to his companion, that people who had such a costly table-service, must necessarily be secretly devoted to the cause of their oppressors.

"You see," said he, "that we who are frank and loyal insurgents, any where but here would be reduced to use our fingers for forks and bits of hoe cake for spoons."

And the conclusion of his discourse was invariably that they must treat as a royalist a master who was served in silver plates, must turn these plates into dollars, and reduce Don Mariano to the condition of the loyal insurgents, that is to say, to eat with his fingers, like all honest revolutionists.

But Arroyo thirsted more for blood than money, for destruction than plunder, and he rejected his associate's propositions. Still, after he had been forced to swallow in the presence of his old master and his two daughters the mortal insult to his cowardice uttered by Tres Villas, he visited them with a portion of the terrible hatred he had conceived for Don Rafael.

Perhaps, at the moment of flying from the hacienda as too near to that of the Valle, which served as a fortress to the formidable captain, he migh have left some bloody trace of his sojourn, had not Bocardo, in turn, represented to him that Don Mariano, once despoiled of his silver plate, would be devoted to the sacred cause of insurrection, and sacred in all eyes; that poor insurgents could exact money of their brethren, but not blood.

The thick head of the sanguinary Arroyo was incapable of estimating the value of Bocardo's logic, but he suffered himself to be guided by his astute companion. Bocardo laid his hand on all the silver plate, and on a quantity of other valuables which did not appear when a division of booty took place between him, Arroyo and the men of their band, and all decamped one night from the hacienda, not without living apprehensions of being followed by one of the terrible inmates of del Valle, Don Rafael or Captain Caldeias.

The inhabitants of Las Palmas, too happy that ill-treatment had not followed theft, now perceived the danger of living long in a house the loneliness of which placed it at the mercy of insurgents or royalists, and Don Mariano Silva resolved to retire to Oajaca. In his opinion there was less danger in taking refuge in a city wholly devoted to the viceroy, in which, while making no show of opinions that had not yet compromised him, he should find safety at least.

For a few days different causes opposed the execution of his project. The hacienda of San Carlos, occupied by the gentleman who was to be his son-in-law, Don Fernando de Lacarra, was only a few leagues from his own, and Marianita did not care to quit this neighborhood. Without confessing the motive, she had made a thousand objections to their departure.

It was the same with Rosina. The souvenirs connected with the hacienda of Las Palmas made it at once painful and pleasant to her, and we know in love what power is wielded by sorrow, especially in the female heart. Melancholy remembrances were not wanting to Rosina in the hacienda of Las Palmas. How many times at sunset, had not her eyes wandered in melancholy reverie over the vast plain, deserted as on the day when Don Rafael hastened to meet her, braving death to see her a few hours sooner.

When, in the first moment of his grief, when in his first ardor of vengeance, Don Rafael, with that bitter pleasure we sometimes experience in rending our own hearts, even though it break another's, had dashed at a gallop towards Oajaca, after having buried Rosina's love-token in his father's grave, renouncing her without a warning, the young girl had awaited his coming with eager impatience.

Some displeasure, soon obliterated by anxiety, and then mortal anguish had filled her heart. We have recounted, on the subject of Don Rafael, by what insensible and natural transitions the inhabitants of Las Palmas had been confirmed by his silence in the impression that he was false to his mistress as he had been to his country; we will not repeat it.

Still at the moment when Don Rafael presented himself before the hacienda, the sound of his voice, reaching Rosina's ears, came near vanquishing her wounded pride. That manly voice, so deeply stamped with sincerity, whether exchanging a few words with her father, or fiercely challenging the ruthless Arroyo, had thrilled every fibre of her heart. She had to summon to her aid all the resentment of love disdained, and of woman's natural modesty, to keep her from showing herself to the captain, and exclaiming, "O, Rafael, Arroyo's dagger would wound me less than your forsaking me!"

"What have you done, father?" she said sadly, to Don Mariano, when the captain had retired with his troops. "You have wounded his pride with irritating words, at the very moment when, out of regard to us, he renounced his project of vengeance on one of his father's murderers. Perhaps you have stifled words of forgetfulness and reconciliation on his lips. You have destroyed your poor child's last, last hope."

The hacendero replied not; he regretted himself his unkind allusions to an enemy, whose generosity had saved the lives of himself and his children.

After the departure of Arroyo's bandits, a mournful tranquillity reigned throughout the hacienda of Las Palmas, and, in the silence of solitude, Rosina, while asking herself every moment, if Don Rafael really had ceased to love, could only make one certain answer, that she loved him, and forever.

One afternoon, the second which had followed the departure of Arroyo and his band, the sun was setting in the distance behind the plain, as on that day, some weeks before, when she was every moment expecting Don Rafael's arrival. The waters had subsided and the landscape had assumed a more smiling aspect than on that day. Then withered, it was now covered with brilliant verdure.

Suddenly half-a-dozen horsemen appeared on the plain. They appeared to come from the hills which bordered it, for they were turning their backs on the haciendas; banderilas with the colors of Spain floating from the ends of their lances. A single horseman preceded five others; some other mounted soldiers appeared behind, but Rosina only cast a careless glance upon them. Her whole attention was concentrated on the horseman who headed the line of march.

Her heart rather than her eyes had guessed his name and rank.

"I, too," said she, "was imprudent in my language, when I pronounced an anathema against the son of the land who should betray his country's cause. What matter to the woman who loves what banner



THE SIMOOM IN THE DESERT.

her lover follows? That should be her own. Why did I not do like mysister? Marianita is very happy."

And, her heart swelled with sighs, her eyes veiled with tears, she continued to gaze after the cavalier whose head was not once turned to the hacienda, and who was soon lost with his escort in the golden mist of sunset. It was Don Rafael, hastening to obey the orders he had received, and who did not dare to look behind him for fear of revealing his sorrow to the soldiers of his suite.

Little did Rosina now care where she dwelt with her father. Only sorrowful recollections clustered round the hacienda; but, we have said these very sorrows had an attraction, and as if the departure from Las Palmas would sever the last tie between her and Don Rafael, the young girl could not contemplate without sadness the moment of leaving its roof forever.

Since the captain no longer breathed the same air with herself, Rosina had no other pleasure but that of seeing the best care bestowed on Don Rafael's brown bay charger which had been caught and brought into the hacienda.

About this time the marriage of Don Fernando with Marianita was celebrated. Decided upon long before the civil war broke out, this union met with no objection from the hacendero, notwithstanding his political opinions. Don Fernando was a Spaniard, it is true, but he had Don Mariano's word, and was not the sacrifice of one daughter's happiness to these civil dissensions enough? Moreover, like many Spaniards, at this period, Don Fernando Lacarra had adopted for his country the land which held his affections, and for that reason his sympathies were with his countrymen by adoption.

A few days after his marriage, he had taken his bride to his domain of San Carlos, near that of del Valle, and, like that, situated on the banks of the Upper Ostuta, a river which flowed between the two haciendas, not far from the lake of the same name. This domain, guarded by numerous domestics, who had not dispersed, like those of Don Mariano, offered greater comparative security than the hacienda of Las Palmas, and Don Fernando was anxious to afford shelter to his new family, but Don Mariano, with the view of removing his daughter's melancholy by the dissipation and excitement of a great city, preferred to retire to Oajaca.

On the day of their departure, Rosina had refused to occupy the litter prepared for her; she preferred having the horse which had so often borne Don Rafael saddled, and, as if the fiery Roncador knew that he was bearing the object dearest to his master, he was as docile during the whole journey under the delicate hand of Rosina, as when his rein felt the captain's vigorous grasp.

Insensible to all the distractions around her, Rosina had passed long and sad days at Oajaca. She had tasted but one moment of happiness there, and that was when the public voice apprised her that Colonel Tres Villas, after having seized on the town of Aguas Calientes, had sacrificed the tresses of four hundred women. As Colonel Trujano had said, getting his information from Marianita, whose husband entertained him a whole day at San Carlos, this news had thrilled her with happiness and pride. She alone guessed, amid the general astonishment caused by this strange act of severity, that Don Rafael was unwilling that she alone should be mourning the loss of her hair. Don Rafael still loved her, then, since he sent her this consolation as a pledge of his remembrance. Still Rosina reproached herself for the feeling of selfish happiness.

"Poor women!" said she, as she combed the ebony curls which had taken the place of the long tresses whose perfumed waves used to flow over her shoulders, "they had not, like me, the happiness to offer their hair for the lives of those they loved."

Then months followed months without any news of Don Rafael, and Rosina's pale cheeks, the blue circle round her eyes testified to her mental and bodily suffering. For two years nearly, under the enervating influence of silence, solitude and the sedentary life the poor young girl had tried in vain to stifle her love, and her strength of soul and body sank in this fruitless strife.

Don Rafael at least bore his grief from one extremity of the kingdom to the other; he could not stifle its cry in the tumult of battle and all the burning distraction of war. Happily God has given woman resignation, the only armor against grief. Rosina suffered in silence, without a word of complaint, the heavy sorrow that consumed her. When worn out with sleeplessness, her resignation seemed about to fail her, a faint and distant ray of hope sometimes came to re assure her, and then a last refuge against despair presented itself. The thought, that when her strength was well nigh exhausted, a last resource would be that tress of hair so carefully preserved.

The despatch of Don Rafael's horse to the hacienda of del Valle, whither he might be expected any day, was the first compromise between pride and love. Which of them would carry the day?

Meanwhile, in proportion as the insurrection extended through the province, the watchfulness of the authorities increased in the capital, and Don Mariano, falling under suspicion, received orders to leave Oajaca.

Yet, before starting, he had sent a messenger to the hacienda of del Valle. What message did he bear? We shall know before long. We must state at present, that, on the second day after the departure of his express, the very day on which the latter reached the hacienda del Valle, and on which Don Rafael left the plain of Huajapam as a fugitive, the hacendero began his journey to San Carlos, riding on horseback, accompanied by a few servants, beside the litter containing Donna Rosina.

On that same day, but towards evening, one of the characters of our story, Captain Don Cornelio Lantegas, left the camp of Morelos, near Huajapam to execute a mission at Oajaca, entrusted to him by the Mexican general. His mission was a perilous one, as the sequel will show. Costal and Zambo alone accompanied the captain, who wore a plain travelling-dress, nothing indicating his profession.

It was at the approach of the summer solstice, and the black and the Indian discussed together the chance, now that Costal had accomplished a half century of existence, of finally surprising the goddess of the waters in the mysterious lake of Ostuta.

Now that all the gaps of the past are filled up, we must, for the better understanding of the last part of our story, explain what was the object of the mission confided to Don Cornelio, and present a sort of topographical view of the country to be traversed by the different persons who set forth on their journeying on the same day.

The conquest of Oajaca would render Morelos master of the whole province, and he thought to seize it before the end of the campaign; for, this project once executed, the whole southern part of New Spain would fall into the power of the insurrection.

Still, before attacking so populous and wealthy a city as Oajaca, it was prudent to establish some relations with it, and that was the principal object of the mission which Captain Lantegas had to execute. For the honor of the cause sustained by Morelos, it was no less urgent to put an end to the depredations of the two guerilleros—so often spoken of—Arroyo and Bocardo, who seemed trying, by their cruelties to render the insurrection odious to its partizans and enemies.

The force they mustered was as uncertain as the place of their residence, but they were as universally feared as if they had a numerous army under their orders. The rapidity of their movements gave them the means of multiplying their acts of ferocity infinitely; but the two associates were easily followed by the bloody tracks they left wherever they passed. Arroyo, always ready to stain his hands with blood, taking a barbarous pleasure in being himself the executioner of his victims, was at least brave enough; but his associate, Antonio Bocardo was as cowardly as cruel, though his tastes led him rather to theft than assassination, as we have seen.

Morelos had heard of the depredations committed by these two bandits in the province of Oajaca, and Don Cornelio was ordered to join them, and to deliver, on the part of the general-in-chief, a threat of cutting them in quarters, if they continued to dishonor the sacred cause of independence.

The reputation for ferocity so justly earned by these two bandits, who treated all parties as enemies, and the active lookout kept up by the authorities of Oajaca, rendered Captain Lantegas's mission, a very dangerous one. He accordingly followed, in melancholy mood, the road which led to the banks of the river Ostuta, where Arroyo and Bocardo then were.

Their presence here will be explained by a summary description, indispensable to the understanding of the narrow stage on which the closing events of our story will be enacted.

Without taking into consideration the topographical varieties of surface, Huajapam and Oajaca were on the same line, opposite each other. From each of these two towns a road runs towards the Ostuta, meeting at a ford which serves to cross the river. A little way from the junction of the two roads, and before reaching it, stood the hacienda del Valle, and in less than an hour after passing the ford, you reached the hacienda of San Carlos. These two haciendas, situated on opposite banks of the river, were, it will be noticed, not far distant from each other.

Arroyo had sworn not to leave a man living, nor a stone standing in the hacienda del Valle, still defended by the garrison confided to the orders of Lieutenant Varragay, and this was the motive of his presence on the banks of the Ostuta. His band, divided into two parts, occupied the approaches to the ford, on both sides of the river, and could thus march at once on San Carlos and del Valle.

It was probable that the messenger starting in search of Don Rafael from the hacienda del Valle would meet the colonel half-way on the road from Huajapam to the hacienda.

At the point where the roads from Osjaca and Huajapam met, it was not less probable that Don Mariano and his daughter, being obliged to pass before del Valle, Don Cornelio and his two companions, following the same direction, and, finally, the colonel, repairing to his hacienda, would all meet, barring accident, on a common ground.

It is therefore necessary to shift the scene to the wild banks of the Ostuta, near the place where the characters of our story, so long scattered, have a chance of meeting once more.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FORD OF THE OSTUTA.

Four days after the raising of the siege of Huajapam, we are on the banks of the Ostuta, with the sun about to rise on one of the most splendid landscapes in America. The tapir, before gaining his distant retreat, was plunging for the last time in the yet darkened waters of the river. More timid than the tapir, the deer, disturbed at the slightest whisper of the breeze in the foliage or the reeds, watched as he drank, for the blush of day, to fly at the first ray of the sun to his inacessible lair of sassafras and fern. On the other hand, the solitary heron, motionless on his long stilts, and the red flamingoes, ranged in silent troops, waited for the appearance of the sun to begin their morning fishery.

Silence reigned throughout the scene, with the exception of those vague sounds of the solitude which rise from beneath the moss or descend from the tree-tops, as the different denizens of the forest, according to their natures, awake or sink to sleep. Although the shadows of night were beginning to disappear, the eye of man, amidst the cloudy vapors that rose from the river, could not have discerned the character of the vegetation on its banks. The plumes of the palm-trees, springing proudly about the immense mass of foliage, were alone visible, like the crest of ancient knights above the press of battle.

The banks of the Ostuta seemed as completely deserted as they were before the children of Europe had landed on the shores of the western world; but the piercing sight of the night-birds on the tree-tops could distinguish objects invisible to the deer, the tapir, the heron and flamingo. Through the nocturnal vapors, distant and scattered fires glistened along the right bank of the river, like pale stars in a misty sky. These fires indicated bivouacs, and alone betrayed the vicinity of man.

On the left bank, also, the solitude was only apparent—a few lights sprang from fires kindled there also. At some distance off, through the fog, between the river and the road which led from Huajapam to the hacienda del Valle, might have been discovered, in the first place, in the midst of a little clearing, a group composed of eight horsemen who seemed to be consulting together.

Nearer the river, and at three or four gunshots from this group, two men on foot were carefully climbing towards the place where the road from del Valle wound through thickets of cedar.

Finally, between these eight horsemen and two foot-passengers, and equi-distant from both, a man who could not be termed either footman or horseman, appeared wholly unoccupied. In fact, firmly attached by a silk girdle, to the fork of a huge tree, he was sleeping soundly at a height of about ten feet from the ground.

The thick foliage of the tree and the darkness of night completely concealed him from every human eye. An Indian might have passed under the tree without suspecting his presence, and from the summit of the neighboring trees, the eye of a night-bird would never have detected him.

Not to anticipate, we will not at present inform the reader who the eight horsemen and the two footmen were. As for the individual quietly sleeping on his airy perch, we will say at once that it was Don Rafael himself.

There are moments when bodily fatigue overpowers mental anxiety, and this was precisely the colonel's condition. The fatigue of three days' travel, united to the absence of all sleep the preceding night, procured him, in spite of the dangers of his situation, and the uneasiness of his position, that deep repose which the wearied soldier enjoys on the eve of a sanguinary battle.

Farther off yet, but in a part of the wood near the road to Oajaca, and close to the ford of which we have already spoken, a short distance from the river Ostuta and the mysterious lake of that name, formed by the waters of the stream rising through subterranean channels, some travellers appeared to be resuming an interrupted journey with the precipitation of fear.

As if the sudden revelation of some great peril had struck them, two of them extinguished the remains of a fire, the light of which might have betrayed them; two others rapidly saddled the horses of the whole party, and a fifth traveller, opening the curtains of a litter placed upon the moss, seemed to encourage a frightened young woman within. The litter sufficiently indicates Don Mariano and his daughter without our naming them.

We have said that it was daybreak. There are two solemn hours of the day in which all the united voices of nature vie with each other in proclaiming and celebrating. The eternal clock was about to strike the first of these hours. A fresh wind rose, shook the foliage, wrinkled the surface of the water, and began to rend the veil of vapor which night had spread. The east was tinged with vivid yellow, and the first streaks of day were saluted by the notes of a thousand birds from all the trees in the forest. The jackals fled uttering their last howls; the funeral voices of the birds of night were heard for the last time; the deer and tapir disappeared. Soon clouds, red as the plumes of the flamingoes, rose on the horizon, and then the sun brightened the palm-trees, and revealed, in all their splendid variety, the deep woods which covered the banks of the Ostuta.

Through the almost impenetrable labyrinths of the forest, appeared now and then wild bulls, the descendants of those which escaped from the hacienda of Cortez, on whom the province of Oajaca was bestowed by Charles V. Driven by thirst, they came to drink, and while, with their black muzzles, they eagerly inhaled the water, a few little islets, torn here and there from the banks, with their cradles of verdure and flowers, floated down the stream, while birds nestling in their glowing nests, seemed pouring out songs of triumph on their exulting course.

Such on that morning, in all its primitive magnificence, was the aspect of the Ostuta and its banks, about half a league from the ford near which the bivouac fires, on the right bank, had been burning through the night. These fires, extinguished at daybreak, were those of the temporary camp of Arroyo and his troop of bandits.

A hundred horsemen, scattered over both banks of the Ostuta, were busily occupied in the morning grooming of their horses. Some, mounted bareback, rode them into the stream to water and refresh them, others curried them with their hands or the first suitable stone. Farther off, the saddles were piled in heaps with a sort of regularity, in the midst of empty bales, of which only the covering cut with knives remained—spoils, doubtless, of some muleteer robbed the night before.

On this same right bank, that is to say, on that where the hacienda of San Carlos stood, rose a tent rudely formed of pieces of these bale-covers, some of them of strong hempen cloth, others of the thick tissue of the aloe.

Two sentinels, completely armed with carbines, knives and sabres, marched to and fro, mounting guard over this tent, but far enough off not to hear what was said in the interior.

This tent belonged to the chiefs, and Arroyo was then in company with his worthy associate Bocardo. Each had an ox's skull for a seat, and each was smoking a long thick cigarette, made out of corn leaves. By the attitude of the first, his eye fixed on the ground, which he ploughed up with the six points of his heavy spurs, it was easy to see that Bocardo was employing the resources of his intelligence to induce his comrade to commit some bad action.

In fact, Bocardo was urging him to make an attack on the hacienda of San Carlos.

"We have a hundred and fifty devoted men, brave as the steel of their poignards."

"Well, well—I'll think of it," said the bandit.

The eyes of Bocardo shone with avaricious joy as he saw Arroyo's indecision, for he well knew that before nightfall, he should be able to convert it into a firm resolve.

The two associates were busied in revolving thought of pillage and murder, and kept silence for a few minutes, when a flap of the tent was lifted to make way for a dark-complexioned virago, whose face was withered by evil passions rather than by age, for her braided hair confined by a shell comb set with golden circles, was black as ebony. In spite of all the glass ornaments, the chaplets, scapularies, and bits of gold clustered round her neck, her face was hideous to look upon. Fury was painted on her forehead in swollen veins, and in her black eyes injected with blood.

"It is a shame!" she cried, as she entered, and directing the angry look she dared not bend on her husband, on Bocardo, whom she both despised and detested—"it is a shame that after the oath both of you have taken, there remains one stone of yonder nest of vipers, and a man to defend it."

"Well—what's the matter now?" asked Arroyo, angrily.

"I am speaking of the hacienda del Valle, which your men, or the greater part of them, have been blockading for three days to no purpose—I am wrong, for I have just learned that three of our soldiers have been killed in a sortie, and that their heads have been exposed at the gate of the hacienda by this accursed Catalan."

"Who told you so?" cried Arroyo.

"El Gaspacho, who only awaits your orders to enter, and who has come from del Valle to ask you for a reinforcement."

"A thousand fiends! Do you dare question the couriers sent me before I see them?"

As he uttered these words in a voice of thunder, Arroyo had risen, and seizing the skull which served him for a seat, threatened to break his wife's head with it.

Bocardo remained phlegmatically seated.

"*Maria sanctissima!*" cried the virago, recoiling terrified before the fearful anger of her husband, "will you not protect me, Senor Bocardo?"

"Umph!" replied the bandit, without stirring, "you know the proverb, venerable senora,—between the tree and bark—etc. These little conjugal differences—"

"Let it not occur again. There are only two chiefs here," said Arroyo, suddenly mollified. "And before I receive El Gaspacho, you must execute a commission."

"What?"

"It is for the execution of a magnificent plan conceived by me," said Bocardo.

"Ah, if you had as much bravery as brains," said the virago.

"Pshaw! Arroyo has courage enough for both of us."

"Do you mean to say that you have wit enough for me and you too?" cried the guerillero.

"Not for the world," replied Bocardo, in a flattering tone; "you are as brave as you are intelligent."

"Woman!" cried Arroyo, "you will go once more and question the prisoner we made three days ago, in order—"

"The animal sings the same note," interrupted Arroyo's companion impatiently; "that he is in the service of Don Mariano Silva, and that he has a message for that fierce colonel, Tres Villas, as you call him."

At this detested name, a dark shadow fell on the bandit's eyes.

"Find out what this message is," he said, at last.

"He insists it is of no consequence. And do you know what I found in his jacket-pocket, when I searched it?"

"A phial of poison, perhaps?"

"A little packet, carefully sealed, in which was found, wrapped up in a perfumed handkerchief a tress of long and beautiful black hair."

"Ah, well! and what did you do with it?" asked Bocardo, in a tone of irony.

"Is not my hair as long and as dark?" asked the piqued virago. "What I did with it, my fine gentleman, was to fling it in the face of the messenger of love? For it doubtless was a love-token for this fiend of a colonel."

"Did the messenger take this tress again?" asked Bocardo.

"Yes; eagerly.

"Better and better!" cried Bocardo. "I was thinking at first of bribing this messenger, and inducing him to lure the colonel to a rendezvous, where, instead of those he expected, twenty of our fellows would fall upon him and hang him alive. It was a doubtful scheme, but now with this love-token, we can get him anywhere without suspicion. Only send for this man, and I'll take care of the rest. What shall we do with Colonel Tres Villas, Arroyo?"

"Burn him at a slow fire—flay him alive," replied the guerillero, with an expression of ferocious joy.

"And your lady will intercede for him!" added Bocardo.

"A slow fire! Flaying alive!" cried the hag. And uttering a contemptuous laugh at these pitiful means of torture, she left her husband's tent.

At the same moment the courier designated as El Gaspacho entered. He was a tall fellow, dry as the blade of a rapier, with an impudent and cynical air, his hair falling over his shoulders in long straight strips, like pieces of leather blackened in the smoke.

"Speak! bearer of ill-news," said Arroyo, with a black look, under which El Gaspacho felt himself shuddering in spite of his brazen cuirass of impudence.

"I have good news, too, senor captain," the bandit hastened to say.

"Let's have the bad first," said Arroyo.

"We are not strong enough to storm the wolf's den, and I am sent here to ask a reinforcement."

"Who sent you? Lieutenant Lantegas?"

"Lantegas will never send message more, since the morning his head has dangled from the gate of the hacienda."

"'Tis the fiend's luck!" cried the guerillero. "His head is not alone. The heads of Salinas and Tuerto are there, to say nothing of Matavides, Amadios, and Pogento, who have been taken and hung alive by the battlements of the hacienda, and whom we had to shoot from a distance to put them out of their misery."

"So much the worse for them! why did they allow themselves to be taken alive?"

"That's what I told them; I called out to them that your highness would be very much put out, but they didn't appear to mind that much," replied El Gaspacho, with an agreeable air.

"So that there are now but forty-four of you."

"I beg pardon. Four others have been hung by the neck; these last saved us powder and ball."

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The land of ethereal air;
And heard the sweet song of fairy elves,
As they played with my golden hair.

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And pillowed my head in crimson red,
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That flitted on gossamer wing,—
Of amber, and rose, and sweet repose,
And birds that eternally sing.

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And wrapt me in purple and blue,
While elves at my head, painted my bed
With the tints of the rainbow hue.
I dreamed of the friends of childhood's years,
Of lovers, and joys that are past,
And saw them all there, in realms so fair,
That spring doth eternally last!

I slept in the halls of crystal pace,
And spangled me o'er with stars,
And covered me with the rainbow's wing,
As it stood on its airy spars.
I slept, and I dreamed—joys that will fill
The soul with great pleasure for years;
That those whom we love, meet there above,
And chant with the musical spheres!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

Of all the beautiful girls in Genoa, Olivia di Trevani bore away the palm. Of high rank and superior accomplishments, she had no equal in the city, and her wealth placed her above all necessity for competition with the other belles; with a mild duenna she kept her own establishment and the Grand Duke was her guardian. It was at a ball at the residence of the latter that the County Guido of Livonia first became acquainted with her. He had but lately arrived at Genoa, having been at the wars with General Bonaparte, whom, in common with all his brothers in arms, he adored. His lodgings were not far from her palazzo, and frequently he had seen her beautiful face fresh as morning, gleaming from the windows, or appearing among the green boughs and fragrant blooms on the balconies. Now and then on the crowded parade, at the close of the day, she had flitted by on the arm of some cavalier, with her meek duenna close behind, but not till he had caught the quick glance of the inquiring eye, and as it were, established an acquaintance; daily at the club and the barracks he had heard her virtue and beauty dilated on, and out of common curiosity an interest had sprung up, increasing every day, till the least flutter of her airy garments, as she floated by, stirred his strong heart to unwonted beating, and many a moonless night found him pacing the fragrant garden alleys of the Palazzo di Trevani. On the other hand, one of the superb bearing and significant martial costume, declaring so high rank for such youth, as the County Guido, could not escape the ever active observation of Olivia, and probably no one could have excelled the unspoken pantomime of her Juliet to his Romeo. On the night, before mentioned, at the Grand Duke's, Olivia was standing with his excellency, a singularly humane and gentle man, talking familiarly, when the County Guido drew near.

"The very man!" said his excellency. "We were but just speaking of the County Guido and his achievements, and how invaluable in a case of siege, his presence among us would be. He must allow me the happiness of inaugurating a friendship between himself and my ward, the lady Olivia di Trevani." Thus leaving them, he sought other groups where he might exercise like kindliness, and almost before she was aware of it, Olivia found her arm drawn through the County's, and their steps directed towards the open terrace. Seating her in a garden chair, as if the rest of the evening there were quite a settled thing, he took a lower seat at her feet and continued the lively conversation which had been begun within.

"And what, may I ask, drew the County Guido to Genoa?" said she finally.

"Ah lady, the very catastrophe which his highness mentioned so incredulously, I foresee. There are not too many defenders for this great duchy, and since being here, I have found a more inestimable treasure, than I ever before dreamed of beholding, I cannot regret coming even should it cost me my life."

"Blessed saints! can it come to that? Is it possible that any danger hangs over Genoa?"

"So great, that I could not mention it to one possessing less nerve and courage than the Lady Olivia."

"But when? is it so near?"

"Impossible to tell. Perhaps this week, perhaps three months hence!"

She bent forward, grasping his hand and gazing at him. "One that could in any event rob you of life?" said she.

"That is not worth a thought!" was the reply "A soldier's life is always held in his hand, the lives of those he loves are his anxiety."

"And you have friends in Genoa, Signor?"

"None, lady, but the one I have made to-night." At this point the gay throngs trooping over the terrace and joining them, broke the conversation into a series of repartees and bon mots till the Lady Olivia retired.

Having thus broken the way, the next morning saw the County Guido in Olivia's drawing room, and the evening found him floating with her and the duenna, over the peaceful gulf. Day by day they grew more familiar, and spent longer portions of time in each other's society; reading the same books, singing the same songs, glancing over each other's shoulders at their respective sketches, and meeting one another in their city walks, whenever Olivia, whose charity was

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While elves at my head, painted my bed
With the tints of the rainbow hue.
I dreamed of the friends of childhood's years,
Of lovers, and joys that are past,
And saw them all there, in realms so fair,
That spring doth eternally last!

I slept in the halls of crystal pace,
And spangled me o'er with stars,
And covered me with the rainbow's wing,
As it stood on its airy spars.
I slept, and I dreamed—joys that will fill
The soul with great pleasure for years;
That those whom we love, meet there above,
And chant with the musical spheres!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

BY FRANCES P. PEPPERELL.

Of all the beautiful girls in Genoa, Olivia di Trevani bore away the palm. Of high rank and superior accomplishments, she had no equal in the city, and her wealth placed her above all necessity for competition with the other belles; with a mild duenna she kept her own establishment and the Grand Duke was her guardian. It was at a ball at the residence of the latter that the County Guido of Livonia first became acquainted with her. He had but lately arrived at Genoa, having been at the wars with General Bonaparte, whom, in common with all his brothers in arms, he adored. His lodgings were not far from her palazzo, and frequently he had seen her beautiful face fresh as morning, gleaming from the windows, or appearing among the green boughs and fragrant blooms on the balconies. Now and then on the crowded parade, at the close of the day, she had flitted by on the arm of some cavalier, with her meek duenna close behind, but not till he had caught the quick glance of the inquiring eye, and as it were, established an acquaintance; daily at the club and the barracks he had heard her virtue and beauty dilated on, and out of common curiosity an interest had sprung up, increasing every day, till the least flutter of her airy garments, as she floated by, stirred his strong heart to unwonted beating, and many a moonless night found him pacing the fragrant garden alleys of the Palazzo di Trevani. On the other hand, one of the superb bearing and significant martial costume, declaring so high rank for such youth, as the County Guido, could not escape the ever active observation of Olivia, and probably no one could have excelled the unspoken pantomime of her Juliet to his Romeo. On the night, before mentioned, at the Grand Duke's, Olivia was standing with his excellency, a singularly humane and gentle man, talking familiarly, when the County Guido drew near.

"The very man!" said his excellency. "We were but just speaking of the County Guido and his achievements, and how invaluable in a case of siege, his presence among us would be. He must allow me the happiness of inaugurating a friendship between himself and my ward, the lady Olivia di Trevani." Thus leaving them, he sought other groups where he might exercise like kindliness, and almost before she was aware of it, Olivia found her arm drawn through the County's, and their steps directed towards the open terrace. Seating her in a garden chair, as if the rest of the evening there were quite a settled thing, he took a lower seat at her feet and continued the lively conversation which had been begun within.

"And what, may I ask, drew the County Guido to Genoa?" said she finally.

"Ah lady, the very catastrophe which his highness mentioned so incredulously, I foresee. There are not too many defenders for this great duchy, and since being here, I have found a more inestimable treasure, than I ever before dreamed of beholding, I cannot regret coming even should it cost me my life."

"Blessed saints! can it come to that? Is it possible that any danger hangs over Genoa?"

"So great, that I could not mention it to one possessing less nerve and courage than the Lady Olivia."

"But when? is it so near?"

"Impossible to tell. Perhaps this week, perhaps three months hence!"

She bent forward, grasping his hand and gazing at him. "One that could in any event rob you of life?" said she.

"That is not worth a thought!" was the reply. "A soldier's life is always held in his hand, the lives of those he loves are his anxiety."

"And you have friends in Genoa, Signor?"

"None, lady, but the one I have made tonight." At this point the gay throngs trooping over the terrace and joining them, broke the conversation into a series of repartees and bon mots till the Lady Olivia retired.

Having thus broken the way, the next morning saw the County Guido in Olivia's drawing-room, and the evening found him floating with her and the duenna, over the peaceful gulf. Day by day they grew more familiar, and spent longer portions of time in each other's society; reading the same books, singing the same songs, glancing over each other's shoulders at their respective sketches, and meeting one another in their city walks, whenever Olivia, whose charity was a proverb, went to relieve destitution. Time thus hastening, Olivia had begun to laugh at the County's prediction of a siege, when suddenly wild rumors filled every one's ears, and Massena having sustained a dreadful rout, threw himself with his French army into Genoa for protection, and the streets were lively with the accoutrements and clatter of French soldiery. The wise, on this account, feared the allies' attacks, the foolish thought themselves safe under such guard. At last, one day, having greatly advanced in their intimacy, Olivia ventured to inquire from what quarter this dreaded bugbear was expected.

"Massena is the magnet," said Guido. "To be frank, three months ago, when the armies lay nearer together, I was out foraging, became separated from my party, and by accident blundered upon the enemy's camp. I speak German, lady," said he, suddenly changing his recital to that language. "Of course there was nothing to do but advance. Accordingly, taking a paper from my knapsack, I wrote in a new cipher with which I was familiar, and which I knew would take some time for them to unravel, a page of instructions, purporting to be from the commander-in-chief, boldly presented myself, surrendered the paper, supped with the officers, and galloped off safely. From their conversation, I learned that expecting Massena's defeat and entrance into Genoa for shelter, this siege was already planned, and also that one General Leopold Von Dressel counted upon the Lady Olivia di Trevani as his share of the spoil. Madam, pardon my abruptness, I had seen your ladyship at Dresden a year ago, and so had he. I am an independent ally, and at once drew off my few men and hastened to Genoa, determined to frustrate the plans of General Leopold Von Dressel so far as I could by affording aid to Massena."

"You are too noble. Your kindness weighs us down with obligation."

"I cannot, do not claim disinterestedness."

"What then do you claim?"

"You!" he said, gazing into her eyes; but ere she could respond in the least, a page ran in breathlessly and threw into his hands a despatch. He tore it eagerly open. "Even so!" he cried, "I must to the duke. Now, Von Dressel, for the struggle!" His lip curled as he spoke, as if the rivalry were too contemptible for mention.

At this instant the duke hurried into the drawing-room, having been notified, in his garden adjoining, by Guido's confidential page. "Is it true, County?" he demanded.

"Unfortunately, most true."

"What force?"

"Much larger than all the souls of Genoa."

"They cannot be braver nor more patient. And is Von Dressel among them?"

"Who is Von Dressel?" asked Olivia, interrupting her guardian.

The County paused a moment. "Lady, I will only say," said he, "that not to disparage him, he is the bravest enemy we have. Of his other qualities you shall judge when we see him below the walls."

"I would I had attended more to your advice, Guido," said his highness; "the city is fortified well, and I have strengthened it considerably at your wishes. But I neglected the provisions. They are anything but abundant, and we have not a week to increase the store."

"Not six days."

"And is Massena aware of their approach?"

"My page carried him the despatch at once." And thus deliberating, they left the palazzo.

To Olivia's light heart a siege seemed no such dreadful thing; her own household stores were plentiful, and she quickly despatched her steward and some servants into the country for more to be distributed among those less able; they were to return before the sixth day, but the sixth month had passed before they again entered the city.

Meanwhile, a dogged determination sat on the faces of all the citizens, resolved to endure great extremities ere submitting to the enemy, or refusing protection to Massena, who, in return, though his means were small, would battle for them, and glorying in the sway of France, scorned the idea of yielding to Austria. Constantly busy at the defences, the County Guido, for the space of three or four days, saw but little of Olivia; on the evening of the fifth, everything possible being done, and the city resting for the attack, he wandered with her up that beautiful mountain enclosed within the walls, on whose sides many of the palace gardens ran, the remainder of the space being open for public promenades. They had gained the summit and were overlooking the scene (as Guido had agreed to give the signal of the enemy's approach by a rocket), still wiling the time with conversation as far from the harassing subject as practicable. The sunset had died away across the bay, the twilight was slowly falling, the distant mountains purpling behind them, and above the quiet waters, one star in the southwest stole out into the shadowy sky, a bright courier of advent; but hardly, thought Guido, could those be stars that gathered like a white bank of clouds close at the horizon beneath, increasing, and spreading, and floating warily forward, till the canvass wings of a vast hostile fleet stretched up the beautiful bay.

Waiting till their purpose was evident, the citizens below saw flash up into the air a sudden rocket, blazing over the sea-quarter and falling with a hiss, and knew that the County Guido saw the British fleet lying in their harbor. It was midnight before Guido and Olivia left the hill, and just before their descent, two other rockets, thrown in the opposite direction, had warned Massena and the duke of the Austrians' approach, great bands in a silent night march extending over an almost boundless district; and looking from the ramparts several hours later, they saw the Austrian tents, white as the British sails, encircling the city far and wide, the city that seemed to sleep in the peaceful night, like an easy, bloodless prey,—but perhaps the hardest work the allies of that day ever encountered was the conquest of Genoa, and certainly, in all annals of war, ancient or modern, it is the bitterest, most shameful and most cruel siege.

Useless, to enter into the details of that protracted struggle, to which many months brought no end; the rivers of blood shed both by soldier and citizen; the siege spreading first into an investment and then blockade; the blockade resulting in famine; the agony and fever; the sudden sally from the gates by those weary of the distress of life and dying upon the Austrian bayonets; the shells thrown day and night from the fleet and bursting in the town; the roar of the cannonade and ceaseless shriek of the wounded; the children wailing and then dying in the streets; the old lying on the door-stones famished; the enormous price of even a kernel of corn till nothing was left; the search for herbs on the mountain, the starved gnawing at knapsacks and at last, dreadful to tell, the cannibal rage that devoured even the dead.

Through all this, Olivia's courage never failed. Perceiving the extremities to which they might be reduced, she had early curtailed the luxuries of her table, and when she knew that others' provisions were gone, shared her own with them till those too were exhausted. Then upon the mountain she dug for endive and ground-nuts with her own tender hands, tore up sorrel leaves, and even boiled the new twigs of young trees, dividing everything with those around her. The duke had long since pleaded to surrender the city, but Massena was inexorable, believing that his general would relieve them soon, and Guido would have been torn to atoms before any word of his should admit the hated enemy, and during this time he had detailed a corps of trusty men and secretly employed them in excavating an underground passage from the Palazzo di Trevani to the breach which would be made in the walls ere the foe could enter.

The ammunition was exhausted as well as the food, and no word could be made to reach Bonaparte of their desperate condition. All the women of Genoa displayed true heroism, but most of all, the Lady Olivia won the love of the people, not only by her bravery that sent her forth to dress wounds when the balls were whistling around her, but by the self-sacrifice which she constantly displayed. They had given over returning the shot of the bombardment, and awaited death with a sullen silence of their cannon. Truly such heroic fortitude might have won pity even from their besiegers.

One twilight again, the County Guido having crossed the inner barriers, was wandering up and down on a lower rampart, when a slight step arrested his strained attention, and Olivia tossing back the hood of a long black cloak stood before him. The same soft wave of the loose hair, the same curve of the fine lips, the same pensive droop of the lid, but the fires of the eye were languid, the once rosy cheeks hollow and pale, the lips bloodless; still the old bewitching smile, as laying her hand on his arm beseechingly, she said: "County Guido, you must make me a promise. Promise me that you will do what I request!" He hesitated. "You know," she added, "that I shall ask nothing derogatory to your honor."

"Ah, well," he answered gaily, as if there were no siege, no famine, "I promise."

Immediately producing from beneath her cloak, a thin crisp cake, she held it up: "Eat this. You have promised. I baked it myself."

He gently placed her hand aside.

"You have promised!" she exclaimed, again quickly. "You have tasted nothing for two days, I know. Guido, you are perishing! perishing before my eyes!"

He held both her hands tenderly. "Dear, to hear such assurance as your words convey," he said, "I would gladly perish."

The blush that came at once died as soon, while she cried, "Then, then save yourself for life and joy! It is the last—the last! I did not know I had it, but just now in one last dreary search, I came across a little bowl of wheat and a cup of honey, set carelessly aside by some servant when we lavished life. I baked it quickly and brought it here. O, if you love me as I believe you do, though you have never said so, break it!"

"Do not place temptation any longer in my way. Should I eat, and you starve, dearest? *you* are dying of hunger! Let me break it for your mouth!"

She sprung back, holding up this dainty prolongation of life, her eyes sparkling. "Do you refuse it?" she asked; "will you take it yourself?"

"Never!"

With a quick, indignant motion she flung the cake from her hand, and rolling from the platform it fell to the ground some feet below, where, attracted by the savory smell, a famished woman lying in the street crawled up and eagerly seized it.

"Olivia!" said the reproachful tone of the County at this angry action, and turning her hasty glance upon him, she saw the tender sorrow in his face for all the distress he was enduring, while his arms opened to receive her.

"O, you should have taken it!" she cried, throwing herself on his breast with a shower of passionate tears. "Now you will die, and I must endure to see it."

"At least," he replied "at least we shall die together."

Many silent moments of rapture even while Death looked them triumphantly in the face, they stood folded in one another's arms, and then slowly mounted to the upper ramparts, to behold the scene below. The firing of the enemy had ceased for an hour or so and nothing but shouts of revelry came on the air. The tents were not pitched so far off, though beyond the immediate scene of operations, but that the jovial clinking of glasses and the loud toasts of the drinkers could be distinctly heard in the stillness of the night.

"Here's to the Pearl of Genoa, fair Olivia di Trevani, and to the defeat of her defenders!" cried one.

"And may she survive the general death, to fill his glass for Von Dressel!" said another.

Olivia shuddered and felt but little easier when looking up into Guido's face, she saw the vindictive earnestness written there.

"Massena surrenders to-morrow," he murmured at last. "The duke will endure it no longer, and he himself thinks it expedient. But I—think you such words as come yonder, each moment more unbearable, will persuade me to throw you into Von Dressel's arms? I will fight till the last drop of blood, through the last street and behind the last barrier."

"And is not that insubordination?"

"Massena," said he, with a half laugh, "will not so consider it."

At this moment the tent curtains of the nearest revellers parted, and a tall man with an attendant bearing a lantern, issued and drew near to inspect the arrangements for the morrow's attack. As he advanced, Olivia saw by the feeble light the most important facts of his loathsome appearance; small, twinkling, light-blue eyes, set in the vast desert of countenance, the bushy brows, the red beard covering all the lower part of his face but the thick disgusting lips, the un-neat cloak, the whole brutal aspect and great bulk, shivering as she looked, though shrouded herself in darkness and the protecting embrace of Guido.

"Look well at him, though he cannot deserve it," said he. "That is General Leopold Von Dressel."

"I have seen him before!" she returned. "O cruel wretch, daily have I seen him torment and slay his weak enemies. O, Guido, save me!"

"Death may," he responded.

"Then there is no other hope?"

"One other. One only, and that a most desperate one. It is already arranged. To-morrow, after the surrender, I alone refuse submission, and fall back with some score of men, still contending, upon the Palazzo di Trevani, enter it, the Austrians follow; still falling back and fighting I come upon the lower dining hall and close the entrance; the uproar of fight resounds within; they burst open the doors—no soul is there, I and my twenty men are nowhere to be seen—else why the subterranean passage to the breach? There we wait till dark, then hasten across the fields and up the Alps to summon Bonaparte to wrest this conquest back again."

"And I—"

"I have delayed speaking it lest you should refuse. You have no strength, and no food, you could not endure the fatigue, neither could you climb the icy mountains, nor rough it with my rude men, and every step of the way would expose you to renewed danger of falling into the enemy's hands. You will be, in fact, safest in Genoa. But then, my dearest, you must drink this opium, strong. The Grand Duke will be in your palace; you will be surrounded by mourners; the sleep it induces will be so heavy as to appear like death. Thus Von Dressel will find himself frustrated, and the presence of your guardian and Massena will save you from indignity. When you awake, you will come privately to me. It will all be managed for you. Can you bear it, my love? We can think of nothing safer."

"I will bear anything so that it brings you back to me!"

"Then first you must take some nourishment. I have had it laid by long for such an event, and shall enforce it. I shall soon be myself in a region of plenty. Then drink the draught, darling, though it be at once death and life!"

On the morrow, the trumpets that sounded to parley, announced the surrender of the city under certain conditions, which having been subscribed to, the triumphant host deployed through the gates into the silent city. On every side the haggard faces of the Genoese peered out on the invaders, who saw how dearly victory had been purchased. But was it victory? Were there traitors who did not agree to the stipulations? Was it true that the martial spirit of Guido di Livonia was still unappeased? for suddenly presenting himself before the advancing legion with impetuous attacks from his little band, he provoked a return from the Austrians, and then pursued the plan he had marked out, till gaining the Palazzo di Trevani, which the enemy had not yet reached, the doors were suddenly flung to, chained and barred, and while his men waited in the hall, he hurried from room to room to that where Olivia lay. A black velvet pall covered the couch, and to present a more real appearance, plaited folds of white lawn swept from her shoulders to her feet, the long, black hair was brought down over the bosom where the hands were folded, the shoulders were white and cold, the head, partially turned on one side, presented the profile sharp and clear on the black ground, and wreaths of myrtle and cypress lay around her. The want and distress she had endured gave her features a sufficiently hollow and sunken look, and the action of the opium completed the ghastliness. The breathing was too slow and silent to be appreciable, and no one would have doubted that it was death, though in the most lovely phase. A moment he lingered, pressed one long kiss on the cold brow, then quickly rejoined his men. The Austrians had just burst open the door and in a moment he was secure in the dining-room. The sound of clamor responsive to the assailants was heard for an instant, and when they gained access, the place was empty, the windows still barred, and whether suddenly annihilated, or vanished through secret places, they were unable to tell, for they did not see the young page, who as they entered, having barred the window behind the County Guido and his men, slipped out among them.

"Whose house is this?" demanded the leader.

"The Palazzo di Trevani, Mein Herr Von Dressel!" was the reply.

The place was directly vacated, and with his spurs clanging at his heels, and his followers close behind, he strode up through the splendid apartments. The duke, Massena, the Austrian commander and his aids were in the saloon.

"Escaped!" said Von Dressel, significantly shrugging his shoulders.

"And your other bird has flown too, general!" said one of the officers, with a smothered laugh and sneer.

He looked up angrily.

"Too true, Von Dressel!" said his commander. "The Lady Olivia is dead!" and he glanced at the inner apartment.

Von Dressel strode forward, followed by his comrades. The heavy purple curtains cast a dark shadow through the room, and a perfumed gum burning there sent a sluggish, deodorizing smoke curling up the ceiling, and in utter stillness the dead lady lay before him, the most heavenly and beautiful image of death he had ever seen. Bloody and painful death, besmeared and contorted he had engendered in plenty, but this peaceful quiet he had never before met.

A week the lady was supposed to be lying in state and then committed to burial, but waking long before this time had elapsed, she partook the food now common to all, and being carefully tended through the indisposition consequent on the use of opium, was soon secretly able to join the party that waited without the gates to convey her to the County Guido. Now at last, behind her, the double headed eagle floated out on the stiff folds of the Austrian banner waving above the captured city, and Massena and the Grand Duke were prisoners of war.

But strange as the sights and sounds she left behind her were, stranger were those she now met stealing at first indistinctly down the sunny side of the Alps, then sweeping and booming onward as all the lightnings of war, grasped in the First Consul's Jove-like hand, dashed down into Italy, and at Marengo wrested from Austria the sceptre thus wrongfully gained. With him was the County Guido, and when once more she entered Genoa, again a free city, with not a fortnight intervening, it was by the side of her husband.

It was Von Dressel's turn now, for having surrendered his sword, he stood unarmed as the magnificent pageant coiled up the streets. Behind the First Consul rode the County Guido. But a dismal pallor overshot the Austrian general's face, the eyes protruded in dreadful attention, the lips parted, as if to utter words that would not come, for radiant in her pristine beauty, in joy and health, he saw the woman whose funeral obsequies he had undoubtedly attended, but who now, it would seem, as if to complete his defeat and crown his rival's success, had risen resplendent as the Countess di Livonia.

Our Curious Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

A curious Case.

It appears that in the county jail of Albany there is a man beyond the reach of the committing magistrate and the law. When arrested he gave an assumed name, which he seems to have forgotten, as he does not answer to it, and the officers in charge have forgotten this name. The jailor recollects having locked him up, but can't say when or by what name. Under this state the magistrate is powerless, because he cannot bring him out of jail without a discharge, and this discharge must contain the name under which he was committed, and the jailor will not release him until a warrant for his release is given. The court has no power, because he cannot be legally brought before them. There is no legal way by which he can be brought out of jail, but the magistrates who locked him up could, after they became satisfied of his real name, come to an understanding by which means he can be registered on the jail records, and then a discharge would be legal. But there is no law for such a proceeding.

A strange Tragedy.

The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of his action that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the Holy Mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against the king, fell upon him in a throng and killed him.

A Miracle turned to account.

Dr. Duff states that, a few years ago, a company of ascetics having lighted their sacks of dried cow-dung where veins of coal were out cropping, the black stone caught fire, at which they were greatly astonished, and circulated the report of a new miracle, which was the special manifestation of their god of fire, who had caused the very stones to burn. Multitudes flocked to the spot, a new shrine was erected, and worship paid to the god of fire. Some Europeans hearing of it, went to the place, and soon ascertained the real nature of the miracle, which they turned to profitable account by digging and working a mine that has since supplied the Ganges steamers in upper India with coal.

Curious Fact.

At the scientific convention at Albany, Prof. Gibson remarked upon a curious connection of geometry and language. Three letters occur in almost all primitive languages. They are a line, an angle, and a circle—thus: I, A, O. In almost all languages these letters are used in the word expressing Divinity. In Hebrew, IOA is a name of Divinity. Greek AIO, the root of aionois, the eternal. In Hindoo, Japanese, and other Asiatic tongues, the same letters are used similarly. In Indian, these letters occur in "Manitou," the word for Spirit. These letters in the old Greek or Phœnician alphabet, are the first, last and middle letters, signifying the beginning, middle and end—Alpha, Iota and Omega.

Scientific Prophecy Fulfilled.

Roger Bacon announced to the world, six hundred years ago, that machinery could be constructed, and ultimately would be, that ships could be propelled with a greater velocity than if driven by a whole galley of rowers; also, that only a pilot would be needed to steer them. Of carriages, he prophesied that they would be made to move at an incredible speed, and without the aid of any animal whatever. Finally, the prophet argued that machines might be invented which would fly through the air with untold swiftness, after the manner of birds.

"Round Robin."

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. Sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle and call it a "round robin."

Ancient Ring.

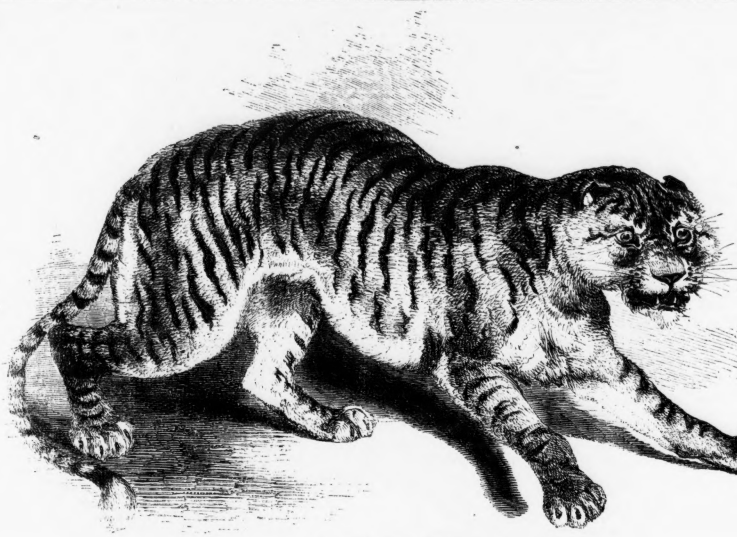
A Roman ring was lately found by a laborer while at work in Auxbridge churchyard, England. It is supposed to be of the period of Julius Cæsar, and the metal is of a composition now unknown.

Singular Names.

Formerly there were many persons surnamed *Devil.* In an old book, the title of which does not recur, mention is made of one Rogerius Diabolus, son of Montresor.

Enormous Ruffs.

In Queen Elizabeth's time, the ladies wore ruffs of such an enormous size that in full dress one was obliged to feed herself with a spoon two feet long.



THE ROYAL TIGER OF BENGAL.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GRAVE.

BY EMMA MARYLAND.

Once, Alice, in the "long ago,
A rover in a far-off land,"
I fell upon a lonely grave,
Deep in a forest old and grand.

The lofty trees stretched pleadingly
Their panting branches to the sky,
As if to pray the monsoon's breath
Might pass them scathless by.

The mountain breeze was musical;
The ripple of a joyous rill,
Winding around that solemn place,
Was more melodious still.

But all forgot—sky, trees and wind,
And e'en the dead leaves' rustling tone—
I gazed upon the emerald turf,
Beneath which slept the pale unknown.

An exile from his father-land,
Perchance lay here entombed,
By the careless hand of a stranger band,
Where the lotus wild flower bloomed.

And then, there flashed a thought of one
Who was borne from her western home
In the autumn-time, to a milder clime
Across Atlantic's foam.

She came no more! on a foreign shore
They told me that she died;
In a sunny nook, by a gurgling brook,
They laid my plighted bride.

This was her grave. Ay, Alice, weep—
Too great my woe for tears:
In the forest deep, alone to sleep,
Through the days and nights of the dismal years!

HUNTING THE TIGER IN INDIA.

No man, on beholding the body of a tiger, can form any conception of the extent of his muscular power. His body seems too long. His legs too short and thick; yet he is a living hurricane, the rapidity of his motion being scarcely surpassed by that of the bullet by which he falls. The tiger is always athirst, not for water, but blood. When the lion has devoured his prey of human flesh, he is appeased and reposes. Not so the tiger. After a hideous repast of bones and mutilated limbs, he begins to feel an appetite, and roams the country is search of a fresh prey and a new festivity.

The tiger is seldom more than seven feet in length from the muzzle to the butt of the tail. But some travellers must undoubtedly have seen tigers as large as buffaloes. For instance, Monsieur Lalande Magon, who had made frequent voyages to the Cape of Good Hope, has stated that he has measured one which was fifteen feet long. Unfortunately M. Lalande Magon forgot to mention that the tail was included in his measurement. The royal Bengal tiger in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measures only seven feet and a half, not including the tail.

While hunting in the neighborhood of Bombay, in the year 1851, I received intelligence that a large tiger had ensconced himself about five miles from my bungalow. As it was my first tiger, I was impatient to encounter him, so calling to my aid two very dear friends who were living with me, we set out in all possible haste for the rendezvous. We found the beast lodged in a deep ravine, quietly picking the bones of a wretched Malay whom he had killed that morning, and of whose corpse he adroitly formed a rampart as he perceived us, carefully watching us from behind it. In our precipitation, or rather in our carelessness of danger—a carelessness which nothing but ignorance could excuse—the only arms we had brought with us were long boar spears, and short heavy hunting knives. With these weapons we considered it would be madness to descend into the ravine where he was banqueting on his horrible food. The tiger on his side seemed thoroughly impressed with all his advantages, and had made up his mind to give battle nowhere but in the narrow space in which he had lodged himself. He also seemed to comprehend perfectly that we had nothing but cold steel to attack him with. After a little while he rose, and casting a contemptuous glance at us, gravely promenaded up and down the little ravine. He was taking gentle exercise after dinner. I could not stand this disdain, so I commenced flinging stones at him, in the hope of inducing him to quit his fortress. This he declined doing, and took no more notice of our taunts and insults than if we had been a parcel of little boys. An hour passed in this way. To return home without having attacked the tiger was impossible. Our honor was at stake. In an instant I made up my mind.

"I will go down into the ravine," I said; "let all who love me follow me."

"But," remonstrated one of my friends, whom I will call Gaston, "it is certain destruction. We have no fire-arms."

I was determined, George, my other friend, joined in Gaston's remonstrance, but without avail. Then, seeing me buckling myself up for the fight, like good friends, they declared their intention of joining me.

"That's right!" I cried, as they signified their resolve. "This confounded tiger wants to keep us off and on until night, when he, being able to see in the dark, can make an easy prey of us. Let us, while we have daylight, finish the fellow.

We skirted the course of the ravine about a hundred paces, and then commenced our descent. We found his majesty—a splendid tawny monarch he was—still enjoying his stroll, only now instead of looking like a *bon vivant*, in search of digestion, he appeared like a sentinel on the look-out. We moved cautiously on, the three of us abreast, our lances couched like bayonets, and advancing foot by foot. The combat was about to commence. I whispered to my companions.

"Attention, Gaston! George! Union is strength. If we separate, not one of us will see Bombay again. Now! ready! He is scratching up the earth. He'll be upon us in a second!"

I was right. The tiger deliberated for an instant and then sprang. Our three lances met him at the same moment. One pierced his shoulder, another ripped up his belly so that the entrails protruded, while the last actually entered his mouth and came through his jaw. The shock was so tremendous that we all rolled backward; but I instantly cried to the others to recover their position, leaping myself into a defensive attitude. The three of us were once more in the twinkling of an eye, elbow to elbow. It was in vain that the tiger writhed and beat against our *chevaux-de-frise*: the spears were buried in his body, and every movement only drove them deeper. Seeing that the brute was now almost thoroughly helpless, we, by a common instinct, rushed upon him with our poniards to finish him. Gaston, with an incredible rashness, attacked him in front. Alas! he knew not what even an expiring tiger can accomplish! Almost in his death-throe he seized poor Gaston by the arm and bit it completely off above the elbow. It was his last effort, and in a few moments more he expired. It was a victory that cost me dear. My friend Gaston died a few days after from the effects of the operation which it was necessary to perform on his arm.

It is an unpleasant fact that a tiger hunt is generally fatal to some of the parties engaged in it. During the night, and in the middle of a frightful storm at Singapore, in the year 1819, an enormous tiger marched coolly into the great hazar and quietly awaited the waking of the inhabitants, as if he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the human race. A grocer in opening his shop was the first to perceive the ferocious animal, and having barricaded himself in his house gave the alarm to his neighbors. The tiger responded to this warning by an angry growl, and in a few moments the entire neighborhood was alive and resolved on the destruction of the animal. Captain Fielding, an English officer, placed himself at the head of twenty Sepoys, armed with muskets, while a huge crowd of the natives followed him, brandishing sticks, and spears, and pistols. At their approach the tiger rose and slowly retreated, like a foe that does not wish to fight, but who will not betray any cowardly terror. Captain Fielding, separating himself from his party, advanced alone upon his savage antagonist, who, apparently surprised at such insolence, cast a glance of mingled astonishment and rage at the rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed. He saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

On his part, the tiger, thinking perhaps, that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle barrel that followed his every motion it would be as well, still retreated slowly, always, however, facing his enemies as if he was determined in any event not to die alone. Presently, by the manœuvres, he found himself in a very narrow street of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so frightfully that the entire crowd tumbled one over the other in their hurry to escape, and in less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute who tore up the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a poniard in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain, who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately just as his antagonist was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant one stroke of his resistless fore-paw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck, and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.—*Scenes in India.*

A LOVING BLUNDER.

Two young gentlemen met a few evenings ago, at the house of an acquaintance, some young ladies for one of whom each gentleman entertained tender feelings. In a spirit of frolic one of the young ladies blew out the lamp, and our two friends thinking it a favorable moment to make known the state of their feelings to the fair object of their regard, moved their seats at the same instant, as they supposed by the lady's side; but she had also moved and the gentlemen were in reality next to each other. As our friends could not whisper without betraying their whereabouts, they both took gently as they thought, the little soft hand of the charmer; and when after a while they ventured to give a tender pressure, each was curaptured to find it returned with an unmistakable squeeze. It may well be imagined that the moments flew rapidly in this silent interchange of mutual affection. But the ladies wondering at the unusual silence of the gentlemen, one of them noiselessly slipped out and returned with a light. There sat our friends, most lovingly squeezing each other's hands, and supreme delight beaming in their eyes. Their consternation and the ecstacy of the ladies may be imagined, but not described. Both gentlemen bolted, and one was afterwards heard to say that he thought all the while Miss ——'s hand felt rather hard.—*Illinois Calumet.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. HUMPHREY.

When Dr. Humphrey was president of Amherst College, he had occasion on a very cold day to ride in the stage, which then ran through to Boston. A lady appeared and wished to ride. The inside of the stage was full, and all know what a full stage is. The driver inquired if any gentleman would be so kind as to ride on the outside and give his place to the lady. Dr. Humphrey was the only man who heard, and though then an old man, was the only one who volunteered to give up his seat. The lady, on special inquiry, found the kind gentleman's name to be Dr. Heman Humphrey. But a few years afterwards, a member of the "Committee to increase the College Library Fund" chanced to meet this very lady, and stated his case to her. "Sir," said the lady, "I know nothing about Amherst College or its library, but I know its president is a gentleman, a real gentleman, and here are a hundred dollars!" Such an incident occurring in the life of such a man, is worth a book of morals and comments.—*Chr. Freeman.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LITTLE SUSAN.

BY REBECCA WILSON.

It was a cold and dreary winter's day. In a dismal attic in one of the streets of Boston, sat a little girl warming her bare purple feet, by a few scanty embers that burned in the grate.

"Mother," she said, as she rocked her large blue eyes to a pale, sorrowful looking woman who sat on the opposite side of the fire with an infant in her arms, "doesn't the rum father buys cost a great deal of money?"

"Yes, Susy," and a tear fell from the mother's eye upon her infant's cheek.

"If he wouldn't drink any more, then I could have some new shoes, and we could have all the wood we want, and bread enough to eat."

"Only see, Susy, how it snows!" replied the mother, with the tears trickling down her cheeks.

"Yes, it's snowing very hard," the child replied, without raising her eyes. "But, mother," she added, after a moment's silence, "does God really give us what we ask him for?"

"Yes, my child, if it is for our good."

"Then I guess 'tis for our good that father drinks so, for I've told God a great many times all about his drinking, and how poor and hungry we are; but perhaps I'm so little that he don't hear me, but, mother, why doesn't he answer your prayers, when you are so big and so good too?"

At this instant the door opened and the husband and father rushed into the room. His wife gave an anxious and despairing glance towards him, and pressed her infant closer to her breast. Little Susan nestled closer to her seat, and timidly raised her eyes to her father's face.

"O, Mary! Mary!" he said, as he threw himself upon his wife's neck, "I've done it! Yes, I've done it!" and he sobbed like a child.

"Done what, George?" she asked anxiously?

"I've signed the pledge, Mary! And with God's help I am going to keep it;" and releasing his hold, he brushed the tears from his eyes. "Little Susan has done all this. Come here, Susan, and kiss your poor old father, he loves you now! O, don't be afraid of me, Susan!" he added, as she instinctively drew back.

Susan went timidly towards her father, and looking up as if doubting his sobriety, gently asked: "Is it true, father, that you are not going to drink any more?"

"Yes, Susan, I never shall drink another drop of anything that is intoxicating."

"O, I'm so glad, father; now we can have as much wood as we want to keep us warm, and we can buy milk for the baby—he cried to-day, mother said, because he was hungry—poor little Willie! And when I go to school again, the boys can't call me my father is a drunkard—"

"Don't, Susy, say any more, your father can't bear it," and he pressed his child to his heart, and struggled to control the self-reproach pent up in his breast. His wife wept tears of joy.

"O, Mary!" he said, after a moment's silence, "I wish you could have heard our child pray this morning. I went into the cellar, and there she was, upon her knees praying for her wicked father! It woke me up, Mary—I've been sleeping for the last five years. I went to the shop and tried to work, and forget it, but I couldn't do it, and I've been thinking all day what a wicked wretch I am. As I came home, I went into Mr. Smith's office and signed the pledge, and I shall keep it, Mary—I know I shall. Our little Susy is an angel! she has saved her father from a drunkard's grave!"

That night, in the humble home of George Terance, there was more happiness than could be found in any of the palaces of the rich.

Ten years have passed away since he signed the pledge, and not one drop of the fatal poison has passed his lips. His family now enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life, and they hold a respectable position in society. Susan has grown to be a lovely, gentle woman, and never has her father forgotten that by her influence he was snatched from the brink of ruin.

[Gathered for The Flag of our Union.]

A Budget of Fun.

"Women," said a shopkeeper, "were invented to buy shilling calicoes."——The Springfield Republican says that it is a luxury to see a lazy man slip down upon the sidewalk, he takes it so coolly. We enjoyed the sight last week, and it took the man so long to calculate whether he had best get up at all, and the easiest way to do it, that he thawed off the ice for three feet around.——"Shoot folly as she flies—Pope," was set up by a stupid printer, "Shoot Polly as she flies—Pop."——A deceased city surgeon adopted an ingenious plan for collecting his fees. He had two bells; when he rang one, the servant knew the fee was paid, and bowed the visitor out; when he rang the other, the servant said: "I think, sir, you have forgotten to give Mr. Lock his fee;" and would not open the door until the fee was paid.——Some one says of a certain congregation, that "they pray on their knees Sunday, and on their neighbors the rest of the week."——"I will not strike thee, bad man," said a Quaker, one day, "but I will let this billet of wood fall on thee," and at that precise moment, the bad man was floored by the weight of a walking stick that the Quaker was known to carry.——A paper, giving an account of Toulouse, says: "It is a large town, containing upwards of 60,000 inhabitants *built entirely of brick!*"——Jones, Jr., says that his neighbor has a very nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a fondness for midnight vocal exercises, and desires to know a remedy. For quieting the nerves of a dog, we know nothing equal to strychnine.——A "camp follower," at a late regimental parade, excused the irregularity of his gait, by saying that he was trying to march after two tunes.——The gentleman, so often spoken of in novels, who riveted people with his gaze, has now obtained permanent employment at a boiler manufactory.——"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come and take tea with her this evening." "Did she say at what time, my dear?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would ask you, and then the thing would be off her mind—that was all she said."——Pompey says he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.——In olden times a custom prevailed in New England to elect the man last married as hog constable. A minister, who was elected, said to his congregation: "Gentlemen, it is no new office at all; for, though I have been called the shepherd of this flock, I perceive I have been nothing but a hog constable these forty years."——A flock of sheep composed of all "wethers," may be said to resemble our climate in spring.

News Glances.

A MAMMOTH CABLE.—A cable, the strongest ever manufactured for a merchant vessel, has just been completed at Liverpool for the steamship Adriatic. It is intended to moor her with this in the harbor when she arrives. It is considered capable of holding her, large as she is, in the heaviest gale. It is 120 feet in length, and its weight fifty pounds per link. In the process of proving, one of the weakest links gave way at a pressure of ninety-seven tons, with a force which shook the building. A new link was substituted and the cable withstood a strain of one hundred and five tons.

RELIGIOUS BEQUEST.—The first clause of the will of the late John Clayton reads thus: "I leave to my friends and relatives, as well as to all others who may think my opinion of any value, this testimonial, that the religion taught in the New Testament is the best that has been offered for our adoption, both for this world and for that which is to come, and that Jesus Christ was the true Messiah, and will remain forever the Redeemer and Saviour of fallen man. Let my humble testimony stand in favor of the Christian religion—I am deeply, thoroughly convinced of its truth."

WHERE IS THE WEST?—The editor of the Presbyterian Herald, of Louisville, Ky., says that, visiting Fort Leavenworth, now or six hundred miles west of Louisville, he said to the commander: "I suppose you begin to feel, away out here, that you have at last discovered that indefinable region called the West?" "No, sir," said he, "we are living in the East yet. Four hundred miles west of us, near Fort Laramie, is the geographical centre of the United States."

THE FISHERIES OF PROVINCETOWN.—We learn from the Provincetown Banner that about one hundred fishing vessels were fitted out from that port last year, averaging about 95 tons each, which took about 80,000 quintals of codfish; the number of fish to each vessel averaging about 28,000, or 2,800,000 in all. The total value of the fish and oil is $272,000; to which is to be added the bounty claimed.

BEAUTIFUL MIRAGE.—Recently, the people of Coburg were delighted by a grand display of the wonderful phenomenon, mirage, by which they could distinctly see the American shore, and small objects, not less than 65 miles distant. The village of Charlotte, the light house, steamers in the harbor, and some say men, could be plainly seen for an hour or more.

A RELIC.—At a recent meeting of the New England Historical Genealogical Society, Mr. Palmer exhibited a relic from the old Curwin mansion in Salem, being a fragment of a beam of red oak, taken from the apartment where Judge Curwin examined the witches, in the time of "the delusion." This house was built in 1642.

THE MARINE HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.—We understand orders have been received to lay the old hospital estate out into lots, make lithographic plans of it and sell it at public auction on the 15th of May next; also to remove the trees and shrubbery to the new estate.

PROVISIONS IN LONDON.—Provisions in London and New York keep very much on the same level. Beef was selling in London, at the latest dates, at from thirteen to fourteen cents per pound. If anything, it is somewhat higher in that market.

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LAUGHTER.—Always laugh when you can; it is a cheap medicine. Mirthfulness is a philosophy not well understood. It is the sunny side of existence.

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GILDED CRIMES.

Shakspeare says:

"Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

This is no longer true of any portion of the civilized world—much less of any portion of this country. Nowhere with us is the ermine sullied by corruption, and the wealthy criminals stands no better chance of escape from the penalty of crime than the poor man. But while we show neither partiality nor sympathy for an offender against the laws of the land because he is rich, it must be confessed that the world does treat with unjustifiable lenity crimes against property, provided they are of sufficient magnitude. A stupendous swindler, whose frauds may have impoverished hundreds, is far more pitied than the poor wretch driven by desperation to snatch at a few dollars. The forger of notes to half a million is, we are afraid, the recipient of a little of that respect which is paid to the legitimate owner of half a million. We are rather inclined to style him an "unfortunate financier," or an "unlucky speculator," than to brand him with the blank epithet "thief!" We are rather inclined to rack our brains for excuses for the misconduct of a man who grasps at gold, as if the pursuit of pelf were so praiseworthy an aim that the end almost justified the means.

When Mr. Fagin's favorite pupil, Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," was finally arrested, the intense grief of his "pal," Charley Bates, arose not so much from the fact that he was in the hands of the law, as that he was about to be transported to the penal colonies for stealing a snuff-box of trifling value. "To think," says Mr. Bates, "of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common two-penny—half-penny sneeze-box! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chains and seals, at the lowest. O, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his walables, and go out as a gentleman—not like a common prig, without no honor nor glory! How will he stand in the Newgate Calendar? P'r'aps not be there at all. O, my eye! my eye! wot a blow it is!"

There are many people in a higher sphere of life, and surrounded by more moral influences, who measure the magnitude of crime by Mr. Bates's standard.

THE ADRIATIC.—This splendid steamship, of the Collins line, will not be ready for sea for some months. The necessity of changing the new play-valves of the engines is the cause of the delay. When finally in working order, she will be the finest steamship in the world.

VERDANT.—A gentleman from the rural districts, who was anxious to see what sort of ships the Chinese built, was in town last week inquiring the way to a *junk* shop. We hope his curiosity was gratified.

LENGTH OF LIFE.—The official reports o mortality for Massachusetts state that the average length of life for "editors" is forty, and for "gentlemen" sixty-eight years. Do they mean that editors are not gentlemen?

THE FINE ARTS.—A correspondent of the Transcript suggests the establishment of a free picture gallery in this city, and the idea is an excellent one.

GENEALOGY.—Thomas Moore's grandfather's name was Thomas Codd. There is a numerous family of tom-cods scattered along our coast.

REFLECTED GLORY.—Two nieces of Eugene Sue, the great French novelist, recently attracted much attention in society at Washington, D. C.

RICH ATTIRE.—A beautiful lady recently appeared at a ball in Washington, D. C., attired in a dazzling dress of Mexican cloth of gold.

(Gathered for The Flag of our Union.)

Budget of Fun.

nen," said a shopkeeper, "were invent- shilling callcoes."——The Springfield an says that it is a luxury to see a lazy down upon the sidewalk, he takes it so We enjoyed the sight last week, and it man so long to calculate whether he had up at all, and the easiest way to do it, thawed off the ice for three feet ——" Shoot folly as she flies—Pop," up by a stupid printer, " Shoot Polly s—Pop."——A deceased city surgeon an ingenious plan for collecting his fees. wo bells; when he rang one, the servant o fee was paid, and bowed the visitor en he rang the other, the servant said: k, sir, you have forgotten to give Mr. fee;" and would not open the door fee was paid.——Some one says of a ongregation, that "they pray on their nday, and on their neighbors the rest of ."——" I will not strike thee, bad man," aker, one day, " but I will let this bil- od fall on thee," and at that precise the bad man was floored by the weight king stick that the Quaker was known to —A paper, giving an account of Jou- ys: "It is a large town, containing up- f 60,000 inhabitants *built entirely of* —Jones, Jr., says that his neighbor has nervous, eccentric dog, that displays a e for midnight vocal exercises, and de- ires a remedy. For quieting the nerves e, we know nothing equal to strych- —A " camp follower," at a late regimen- le, excused the irregularity of his gait, ig that he was trying to march after s.——The gentleman, so often spoken vels, who riveted people with his gaze, obtained permanent employment at a anufactory.——" Mother sent me," said irl to a neighbor, "to ask you to come tea with her this evening." " Did she hat time, my dear?" " No, ma'am; said she would ask you, and then the ould be off her mind—that was all she —Pompey says he once worked for a o raised his wages so high that he could ch them once in two years.——In olden custom prevailed in New England to man last married as hog constable. A , who was elected, said to his congrega- Gentlemen, it is no new office at all; gh I have been called the shepherd of , I perceive I have been nothing but a table these forty years."——A flock of mposed of all "members," may be said le our climate in spring.

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> " Plate sin with gold,
> And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks."

This is no longer true of any portion of the civilized world—much less of any portion of this country. Nowhere with us is the ermine sullied by corruption, and the wealthy criminal stands no better chance of escape from the penalty of crime than the poor man. But while we show neither partiality nor sympathy for an offender against the laws of the land because he is rich, it must be confessed that the world does treat with unjustifiable lenity crimes against property, provided they are of sufficient magnitude. A stupendous swindler, whose frauds may have impoverished hundreds, is far more pitied than the poor wretch driven by desperation to snatch at a few dollars. The forger of notes to half a million is more afraid, the recipient of a little of that respect which is paid to the legitimate owner of half a million. We are rather more apt to style him an "unfortunate financier," or an "unlucky speculator," than to brand him with the blank epithet "thief!" We are rather inclined to rack our brains for excuses for the misconduct of a man who grasps at gold, as if the pursuit of self were so praiseworthy an aim that the end almost justified the means.

When Mr. Fagin's favorite pupil, Mr. John Dawkins, the "Artful Dodger," was finally arrested, the intense grief of his "pal," Charley Bates, arose not so much from the fact that he was in the hands of the law, as that he was about to be transported to the penal colonies for stealing a snuff-box of trifling value. "To think," says Mr. Bates, "of Jack Dawkins—lummy Jack—the Artful Dodger—going abroad for a common two-penny—half-penny sneezebox! I never thought he'd a done it under a gold watch, chains and seals, at the lowest. O, why didn't he rob some rich old gentleman of all his whiskers, and go out as a gentleman—not like a common prig, without no honor nor glory! How will he stand in Newgate Calendar? P'r'aps not be there at all. O, my eye! my eye! wot a blow it is!"

There are many people in a higher sphere of life, and surrounded by more moral influences, who measure the magnitude of crime by Mr. Bates's standard.

THE ADRIATIC.—This splendid steamship, of the Collins line, will not be ready for sea for some months. The necessity of changing the new play-valves of the engines is the cause of the delay. When finally in working order, she will be the finest steamship in the world.

VERDANT.—A gentleman from the rural districts, who was anxious to see what sort of ships the Chinese built, was in town last week inquiring the way to a *junk* shop. We hope his curiosity was gratified.

LENGTH OF LIFE.—The official reports of mortality for Massachusetts state that the average length of life for "editors" is forty, and for "gentlemen" sixty-eight years. Do they mean that editors are not gentlemen?

THE FINE ARTS.—A correspondent of the Transcript suggests the establishment of a free picture gallery in this city, and the idea is an excellent one.

GENEALOGY.—Thomas Moore's grandfather's name was Thomas Codd. There is a numerous family of tom-cods scattered along our coast.

REFLECTED GLORY.—Two nieces of Eugene Sue, the great French novelist, recently attracted much attention in society at Washington, D. C.

RICH ATTIRE.—A beautiful lady recently appeared at a ball in Washington, D. C., attired in a dazzling dress of Mexican cloth of gold.

A NEW ENGLAND SPRING.

It is not safe to trust a New England spring—there is no knowing what may happen before the vernal months run out. Even the blue-birds are often taken in by false appearances and come out in their azure jackets, when the poor little fellows ought to be lying up in lavender in some snug corner. A stupid sectional pride keeps us from telling the truth. We hear of green peas and strawberries in Richmond, and, dying with envy, we, poor literary slaves, draw our tables nearer to our rusty grates, blow our noses, wipe our eyes, give a sneeze or two, and then write mendacious paragraphs about the forwardness of the season. An April ramble is a forlorn affair. It isn't safe to venture out without being fully equipped as for a January excursion. But nobody gets any credit for telling the truth about the spring, and we believe we forever forfeited the good graces of a sentimental damsel, who asked us, once upon a time, to write her some verses referring to the spring, by sending her the following:

> The spring has come—the lovely spring—
> Come, lady, wander forth with me;
> We'll go where blossoms do not hang
> Upon the sere and threadbare tree.
>
> We'll try to find some hardy flower,
> Or some ambitious blade of grass;
> But wear your India rubber shoes—
> The ice is slippery as glass.
>
> Put on, I pray, your quilted hood,
> Warm furs around your shoulders fling;
> With cloak, your warmest surtout
> We're fitly dressed to meet the spring.
>
> We'll try to fancy that it's fine
> While stalking o'er the pastures bare;
> We'll say the snowflakes falling fast
> Are blossomed petals in the air.
>
> Then home returning from our walk
> With noses blue, and purple lips,
> How gladly will we hover o'er
> The glaring fire of anthracite!
>
> Then hasten, while the sidewalk's clear,
> Soon will the snow obstruct the way;
> But if this weather only holds,
> We'll go a Maying in a sleigh.

TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT.

On the first page of the present number of our paper, we depict a vivid and truthful scene of travel in the desert. The travellers are nearing the confines of the desert, when the wary and accustomed eye of the old grey-bearded camel-driver recognizes in the murky banks quickly rising on the hot horizon the near approach of one of those dreadful sand storms, more terrible in their approach than even the mighty hurricanes that rage on the tempest-tossed deep. The camels, with instinctive perception, quicken their pace to a fast trot; while the old man, putting his hand up to his eyes to shade them from the intense mid-day glare, points on in front, in the hope of yet meeting shelter before the fury of the simoom bursts over their heads and smothers them with intense clouds of dust. The strugglers now put their camels' speed to the test; and even the fair lady, in her great anxiety to reach a haven, is glad to furl her parasol and apply it, whip fashion, to the hips and shoulders of the camel. The straggling plants, whose long, curving roots not unfrequently trip up the hurried footman, give indication of the near approach of the caravan to one of those oases of the desert which are strangely fertile and beautiful, as the desert itself is arid and unseemly. Strange experience greets the traveller on these immense inland seas of land.

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN:

—OR—

THE PURITAN AND CAVALIER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

We shall commence in the next number of "Ballou's Pictorial" a choice and beautifully written story, especially contributed by Mrs. ORNE for our columns. It is a deeply entertaining and elegantly written production, and will delight our army of readers.

FIRE-ARMS.—People can't be too careful of fire-arms. At a wedding party in Lebanon, Ohio, lately, a young man dropped a pistol out of his pocket, and as a young lady was handing it back to him, it exploded and sent a bullet through his eye into his brain, killing him instantly.

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—If the multitude of unfortunate beings who are travelling the road to ruin, answered truly to the question what sent them there, they would reply: "Idleness, late hours, disregard of the Sabbath, drinking and the perusal of immoral books."

TEMPER AND HEALTH.—If you inquire about persons who have attained a great age, you will find that they are invariably good tempered. Nothing so tends to shorten life as fits of ungovernable passion.

AN EVEN-TEMPERED MAN.—A witness described a certain person as "a very even-tempered man." He said he was "always the same —always in a passion, tearin' and pitchin' and ravin' and stavin' about something or other."

QUICK WORK.—A gentleman from Chicago lately went to Nebraska, made a thousand dollars in cash, had two fights, went home and got married, all in the space of a month.

NOT ONE IN TWENTY THOUSAND.—The man must be poor and friendless indeed, who, at some period of his life, hasn't received a testimonial of some sort!

MARINE DISASTERS.—Eleven New York pilot boats have been lost since 1852, with a loss of $70,000 to the pilots and twenty or more lives.

A DIFFERENCE.—It's very good to be short in speech; but to be "short" on 'change is a different affair.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

A man in Jackson county, Georgia, lately slaughtered a hog that weighed over 687 pounds.

A medical gentleman defines winking to be an "affection of the eye."

The Indians of California are fast becoming exterminated by disease and famine.

Whatever you take in hand, remember the end and you shall never do amiss.

It cost $500 to shovel snow in Washington. Congress voted it, and the people paid it.

There have been collected in Europe 20,000 specimens of insects which prey upon wheat.

Scarlet fever is producing great fatality throughout northern Mississippi.

Indigestion and industry are two things seldom found united.

Thirty horses perished, lately, by the burning of several livery stables at Vicksburg, Miss.

Two Havre boats lately towed into harbor a dead Greenland whale, sixty-six feet long.

The amount thus far raised by Edward Everett for the Mt. Vernon fund is $14,000.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more.

About 150,000,000 letter-stamps were sold by the U. S. government last year.

The best way to expand the chest is to have a large heart inside of it.

A piece of gold is said to have been found in Australia, lately, worth $100,000.

The two U. S. senators and the chief justice of Pennsylvania were formerly printers.

Fire-crackers have advanced in price in consequence of the war news from China.

There are about seven hundred clergymen in the city of New York and in Brooklyn.

It is said that large numbers of females in New York carry pistols in their pockets for protection.

The Manchester, N. H., Mirror tells of a turkey that lived 37 days without food or water.

The appropriations for the Springfield armory are $320,000—larger than in any previous year.

A strenuous attempt is being made to establish a post-office in South Boston.

A new hotel is to be built at Philadelphia—$700,000 having been already subscribed.

In Alabama they are manufacturing a wine called "Ulrica," which is much praised.

There are 112,000 square miles in Kansas—in Illinois, 52,000.

The Charlestown City Guard were photographed in New York.

A lie, though it be killed and dead, can sting sometimes—like a dead wasp.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

It will be observed that we commence in the present number of "The Flag of our Union" to illustrate its pages—a most attractive and important feature, which will be regularly kept up for the future. Our readers will thus realize that we are determined to merit the extraordinary patronage which this long-established and favorite weekly journal enjoys. By a retrospective glance at the past numbers and volumes, it will be seen that we have regularly progressed in improvements each year, until we now present our readers and subscribers with the cheapest and most attractive weekly journal published in the country. Our illustrations will be varied and interesting, sometimes representing vivid scenes in our original novelettes, sometimes fine views of scenery, portraits, views of public buildings, etc.—in short, this new feature will be very choice and elaborate, and will actually *double the value* of the paper. These ornaments to our pages will be better and better each week, as we progress.

ENGLISH MUTTON IN NEW YORK.—One of the fashionable eccentricities of the day which have sprung from the rapid intercourse that has been established between England and the United States, is eating English mutton. No dinner is now considered perfect without a saddle or a leg of English mutton, brought by the last steamer. English mutton is not only served at all the restaurants and public hotels, but at the tables of private houses. Some of it, we will venture to say, never crossed the water.

TRUE HEROISM.—Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, in a recent sermon, made a very happy allusion to George Peabody. He said: "It is easy to give away what we can no longer grasp; but to part with half a dozen fortunes while we yet live to enjoy them—to overcome one's acquisitiveness so far as to render up one's wealth by hundreds of thousands—is an exercise of genuine heroism of which there are few examples."

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATORS.—The country representatives, in old times, used to be easily distinguished from the city members of the house. They were known by the large squares of *gingerbread* they carried under their arms. The legislative consumption of gingerbread used to be enormous.

CUSTOM HOUSE.—The new Custom House in Portland is now completed, and will be ready for occupation as soon as furnished. Mr. Jordon, of Westbrook, is talked of for the new collectorship.

REMOVAL.—Mr. Samuel French, our agent for New York city, has removed from No. 121 to No. 122 Nassau Street, up stairs, where all the back and current numbers of our publications may be found.

QUEER CASE.—During the present term of the Court of Common Pleas, at East Cambridge, an individual was indicted for false pretences in passing a Bachanan medal for a gold eagle.

TALL TREES.—There is a grove of trees in California averaging from 325 to 375 feet in height.

PORTLAND THEATRE.—A new theatre is to be erected in Portland at an estimated cost of $15,000.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—P. T. Barnum, Esq., has been lecturing on the Maine law in London, to large audiences.

THE GREAT
AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
BALLOU'S PICTORIAL,
IS FOR SALE EVERYWHERE, FOR
SIX CENTS PER COPY.

The only thoroughly established, finely illustrated, and carefully edited paper of its class in the country. Full each week of attractive tales, sketches, editorial gossip, stories of the sea, poetic gems, and foreign and domestic news. A whole volume of *original* reading in each number, and an average of *twenty* engravings per week.

NO FIRESIDE SHOULD BE
WITHOUT IT.

☞ The ladies like it.
☞ The gentlemen enjoy it.
☞ Children are delighted with it.

The number for the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Spanish Moor: or, The Convent of Alcala. A Story of the Throne, the Altar, and the Forest." A novelette of great interest, by EUGENE SCRIBE.
"Alone," stanzas by MRS. FANNY E. BARBOUR.
"Autobiography of a Lawyer," a tale by WILLIAM B. OLIVER.
"The Sailor Boy's Home," a poem by THOMAS PATTON, JR.
"A Frontier Reminiscence," by JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.
"Joy hath its Burden," verses by BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.
"The Demon of the Steeple," a story by CHARLES W. MORGAN.
"A Scottish Tale of the Border," by MRS. J. D. BALDWIN.
"Withered Leaves," lines by E. H. GOULD.
"Gossip with the Reader."

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Portrait of Miss Matilda Heron, the American Tragedienne.
Representation of a Tyrolean Minstrel.
A fine series of views illustrating Sargent's "Arctic Adventure," including representations of Floating Icebergs, Sawing a Channel, Sledging with Sails, and the "Terror" tipped in the Ice.
Views in the Island of St. Pauls, Indian Ocean, giving a picture of a U. S. Man-of-War making the Island, a Map of the Island, and a delineation of a Remarkable Basin in the Island.
Representation of the Female Collegiate Institute at Worcester, Mass.
View of the Union Railroad Depot at Troy, New York.
Portrait of Decastus Clapp, the well-known and adroit Police Detective.
An Eastern scene, representing the Hall in the Desert.
A large and attractive picture, illustrating the Fortress and Town of Alessandria, in Sardinia, Italy.

☞ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of the FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

The Bank of England is about to allow interest on cash balances.

A newspaper has been commenced in Egypt, intended for Syrian circulation.

In the government of Livonia, Poland, 130 wolves were destroyed in the year 1855, principally in the district around Dorpat.

At an auction sale in Paris last month, a diminutive coffee cup of old and rare China porcelain was sold for $450, and a violin of Amati at the same price.

Miss Catherine Hayes gave a gratuitous concert at Belfast, Ireland, for the benefit of the hospital there, presenting them with the magnificent sum of £32 16s. 2d.

The inhabitants of Lapland and Finland, bordering on the North Cape of Norway, owing to a failure of the crops, are in a state of starvation.

Typhus rages daily.

The Marquise Dowager of La Rochejaquelin, the celebrated lady who rode on horseback by the side of her husband in the war of La Vendée, has just died at Orleans, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

A Paris banker recently gave a magnificent entertainment to one hundred and fifty journalists and literary men, which of course confers a great deal of honor on himself, and begets a good sort of feeling in them.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

"Pay as you go," said John Randolph; "that is the philosopher's stone."

Keep that man at a distance who hates music and the laugh of a child.

The man who has a right to do as he pleases, generally pleases to do wrong.

Vice stings even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles even in our pains.

Perhaps no man regrets any hardships he has ever endured, when he is once completely delivered from them.

The man who knowingly circulates a lie, may have to pay the truth for it, and be punished besides.

Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; as common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys.

To make the ideal actual in the sphere of production, is the function of the artist; to make the actual ideal in the sphere of life, is the function of man.

Be fearful only of thyself; and stand in awe of none more than of thine own conscience. There is a Cato in every man; a severe censor of his manners. And he that reverences this judge, will seldom do anything he need repent of.

Prejudices are wilful judgments; slight efforts eradicate them, if they be at once attended to; on the contrary, they grow with time, become inveterate, extend far and near, and their numerous ramifications seize upon everything within their reach.

Joker's Budget.

An Emeralder, in writing his life, says, "He ran away early from his father, because he discovered he was only his uncle."

Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? Because he is *let out* at night and *taken in* in the morning.

"Virtue is its own reward," as the gentleman said to the little street sweep at the crossing, when he held a penny for a penny.

We learn that a distinguished professor has come to the conclusion that the cause of the potato rot is the rotatory motion of the earth.

The man who can crack a joke in half a minute after a fifty-two pound weight has fallen on his toes, may be called excruciatingly funny.

An "orderly" is in a scrape, for saying that the general's lady put him in mind of the invoice of an African trader when he looked at her mouth—"all gums, gold and ivory."

St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words: "O, mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted into "My eye and Betty Martin."

Once at the Holland house, the conversation turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potato, "because it shoots from the eyes." "Or, rather," exclaimed Byron, "because it becomes all the less by *paring*."

Quill and Scissors.

A man named Joseph S. Cline, agent for a stump machine, died recently at a hotel in Pontiac, Mich., and it is believed that he was drugged and robbed, and eventually died from the narcotics placed in his liquor. His pocket book was found empty under his head.

It is understood that the Collins line will continue its trips during the ensuing season at least, at the reduced rate of $19,250 per trip. The steamers, however, will run slower, and thus make up in a measure for the loss of government pay.

As an argument in favor of early marriages, we are told of a couple in Middleboro', who are supposed to be the longest married of any in the State. They have lived together seventy-five years, having been respectively twenty and seventeen years of age when married.

The Albany Atlas does not believe Dr. Holmes's theory that New Englanders are degenerating for want of limestone in the soil to form the bones, but thinks the trouble is that they are (like sharks) running all to head and the head running all to mouth.

The Astor House is undergoing a considerable change. The "exchange" is to be turned into a restaurant, and the hotel will be conducted partially on the European plan, boarders having the option of dining upon that or the old American system.

A young man who had been out something o'er late from his father's house on a bit of spree in St. Louis, the other night, attempted to come in very slyly, when the old gentleman took him for a burglar and shot him, the bullet going through his leg and injuring him severely.

The New York correspondent of the London Times, who appears to have made a great many calls on Fifth Avenue on New Year's day, thinks the palaces of Europe would seem plain and unadorned after looking at the elegant apartments of the houses of New York.

The Rhode Island House of Representatives has passed an act declaring all places where liquor is illegally sold, as well as houses used for other immoral purposes, common nuisances, and subjecting the owner of such houses to severe penalties.

Il. Meschendorf, a German, aged 46, while eating dinner in too great a hurry, at New York, got strangled by a piece of meat and choked to death. He was said to be partly intoxicated at the time.

The Sacramento Times says, in the course of a report of the proceedings at a public dinner: "The mayor of the city, and the ladies, etc., were appropriately and elegantly drunk, and the party separated in fine cheer."

At Washington, a few days since, the fashionable world had a brilliant gathering, at the marriage of the daughter of Lieut. Maury, head of the National Observatory, to William Maury, Esq., son of the late Mayor of Washington.

Dr. John W. Richmond, of Providence, R. I., died lately in Philadelphia. The deceased was eminent in his profession, and was well known from his connection with the Sound steamers.

A man in this city now wears as his only overcoat a surtout made for him twenty-four years ago. It was "dyed in the wool," or more likely never dyed at all, being the natural drab color.

A few days since a reporter named Brady, employed on a New Orleans paper called the Creole, drew a prize of $56,000 in a Havana lottery.

The Missouri Legislature, before adjournment, passed a resolution limiting the State debt to $30,000,000, a sum which would be considered unlimited by most other States.

Gerrit Smith has given $10000 to the Dudley Observatory. The list of Boston gentlemen who have contributed to this institution has never been published.

If hoops for ladies' skirts go out of fashion, cord is not likely to. The Newburyport Herald says that the cord factories at the lower part of that city are hard pressed to supply the demand.

Congress has appropriated $30,000 to renew the furniture of the Executive mansion; and also $11,000 for the repair of the public grounds in Washington.

Chief Justice Taney has administered the oath of office to Presidents Van Buren, Harrison, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce and Buchanan.

The degree of M. D. was conferred upon two hundred and twelve graduates at the Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, recently.

Quite a revival of religion is in progress in Ipswich, and a great number of persons have been added to the churches.

A clergyman in New York lately had a surprise visit from his friends, who brought him a shot bag with fifty double eagles in it, or $1000.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Lathrop, Mr. Joseph Dow, of Roxbury, to Mrs. Caroline A. Riley.
By Rev. Mr. Stowe, Mr. Samuel Bell to Miss Catherine Smith.
By Rev. Dr. Bingley, Mr. C. W. Taylor to Miss M. A. Shaw, of York, Me.
By Rev. Mr. Skinner, John Morris, Esq. to Miss Rosanna Coyle.
By Rev. Mr. Sykes, Mr. George H. Sabine to Miss Caroline Briggs, of Scituate.
By Rev. Mr. Goodhue, Capt. David H. Loring, of Middleboro', to Miss Susan Bowers.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Bagnell, Mr. Milan W. Atwood to Miss Amanda M. Marston.
At Roxbury, Mr. Josiah R. Butler, of Melrose, to Miss Fannie E. Bigelow.
At Quincy, by Rev. Mr. Bradley, Mr. Henry M. Sawyer, of Boston, to Miss Carrie E. Bartlett.
At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Eddy, Capt. Edward Howe to Miss H. Augusta Maury.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Carleton, Mr. Augustus Buxton to Miss Isabella I. Creamer.
At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Allen, Mr. Wm. Thompson, of Swampscott, to Miss Mary Glass.
At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Dadmun, Mr. Charles A. True to Miss Frances E. Graham.
At Taunton, Mr. Andrew J. Fuller to Miss Fidella Butterfield, both of Middleboro'.
At Westfield, Mr. Joel Goldthwait, of Boston, to Miss Ellen A. Rand.
At Templeton, by Rev. Mr. Sabin, Mr. Geo. T. Hawkes to Miss A. E. Spartman.

Deaths.

In this city, Widow Sukey Daniels, 90; Mrs. Lefy R. Brooks, 34; Mrs. John Stewart, 82; Widow Elizabeth Billings, 71; Mrs. Abby T. Torrey, 31; Miss Lucy Langley, 20; Mr. Stephen B. Stratton, 26.
At Charlestown, Miss Mary Burroughs Edmonds, 17.
At Chelsea, Miss Joanna Haven, 30.
At Dorchester, William Worthington, Esq., 73.
At Roxbury, Mrs. Emeline Pitts Wallis, 35.
At Longwood, Hon. Warren Dutton, 58.
At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Hopee T. Dickinson, 43.
At Malden, Mr. John Kempton, 35.
At Medford, Mr. Edward C. Sharp, 27.
At Milton, Mrs. Abigail, widow of the late Dr. Samuel Adams, of Bath, Me., 86.
At Lynn, Miss Ellen Dermody, 19.
At Salem, Mr. William Cook, 64—Mr. William Waters, 64.
At South Danvers, Widow Elizabeth Tuttle, 71.
At Beverly, Mr. James Bulman, 52; Mrs. Sally, widow of the late Mr. Luke S. Prince.
At East Abington, Mr. Joseph S. Gardner, 33.
At Marblehead, Mrs. Sarah Bulman, 79.
At Newburyport, Mrs. Eunice Wells, 47; Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Torrey, 27; Mrs. Rebecca Lasky, 82.
At East Salisbury, Capt. Moses French, 67.
At Amesbury, Mr. Elphalet Merrick, 96.
At Shelburne, Mr. Stephen Wells, 66.
At Hatfield, Elijah Bardwell, Esq., 83.
At Worcester, Widow Keziah Bartlett, 97; Mr. Ebenezer H. Bowen, 57.
At Nantucket, Widow Susan Pitman, 86.
At West Springfield, Widow Delight Phelps, 86.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

DIRGE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Mournful shall be the strain
In memory of the dead;
The mighty throng which ne'er again
The paths of earth shall tread.

The good, the nobly great,
Are passing swift away;
One changeless, one remorseless fate,
Holds o'er us steadfast sway.

Earth is a burial-place,
A sepulchre for man—
And time obliterates each trace,
Each mound that love may plan.

The dead beneath us are,
We walk above their clay;
Each crowded street and meadow fair
Enwraps the passed away.

Yes, ocean hides their bones,
The sea-weed shrouds their forms—
Sad requiems are the tempest moans,
Dirges, the ocean storms.

Then mournful be the strain
In memory of the dead;
The mighty throng which ne'er again
Earth's pleasant paths shall tread.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WOMAN WITH A MISSION.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

Mrs. Slymena Toodleum was a woman with a mission. Not finding sufficient latitude in the home-circle for her humanitarian tendencies, Mrs. Toodleum's fertile brain eliminated the momentous undertaking of purifying society and equalizing the elements that make up the general happiness and unhappiness of mankind. True, she had no defined plan by which this certainly very desirable state of things was to be brought about, or even commenced. But on one point she was positive; days and weeks, yes, months of self-communion and solitude, with baths and complete changes of linen, and occasionally a day of mild fasting, had forced the conviction upon her expectant mind that *she* had a great work to do—a labor of such magnitude that it could not be realized easily by common minds. To be a martyr to public opinion, to suffer persecutions for the sake of the truth, to become dead to the world, to subdue her selfish love for her own family, and love mankind impartially, were some of the most prominent intentions of this self-constituted apostle of social equality.

Mrs. Toodleum's mission was by no means a domestic one; it bore no relation to the kitchen, the nursery, or her husband's wardrobe. Women of modest pretensions might have been satisfied with the mission of caring for three small children —the youngest yet in arms—and a connubial partner, whose prospects in life were not of the most dazzling description; women of modest aspirations, we repeat, might have been content with the work of training three little minds and clothing three little bodies, and making life's journey (in doors) smooth and pleasant for a man whose anxious, haggard face showed him weary of the burdens poverty forced him to bear.

But Mrs. Slymena's aims were higher than moulding juvenile minds, or bread, mending frocks or manners, directing infant thoughts or Bridget, sweetening pies or dispositions, coaxing sullenness or the coal-fire, dressing the baby qr a pair of chickens. It made no manner of difference whether Mr. Toodleum's buttons were off or on. What was a button compared to Slymena's "experiences?" what were dinners, contrasted with the every-day exertions of that heroic woman? The absence of either were annoyances too trivial to be named to his wife, who, engrossed by the weighty matters that were fast developing her into a miracle of profundity, forgot that empty stomachs needed filling, and that pins were not well adapted to hold shirt-bosoms permanently together.

Mr. Toodleum seldom complained. Good-hearted, but weak headed, he believed everything that Slymena said was right, everything she did was right. He bowed admiringly at the shrine of her intellect, and marvelled much that men were not dazzled by the brilliant scintillations of her wit, or the glowing fires of her lofty genius. That this uncommon woman should feel small interest in him or his affairs, occasioned him not a regretful thought. In his estimation he was too far below her in the intellectual and humanitarian scale, too incapable of comprehending the problems she was continually working out, to feel any resentment at neglect and indifference. To echo her sentiments, to adopt her views upon all subjects, metaphysical, philosophical, or theological, to listen to her lucid expositions of abstruse themes, was ample compensation for the partial loss of her society and services. That his wife was a model woman, a type of purity and perspicacity, was no doubt a fact. Having *her* authority on the subject, it did not occur to him to doubt it. Being both text and commentary, he never disputed her conclusions or set aside her judgements.

Quiescent Toodleum! Guileless himself, why should he mistrust that his wife's love of notoriety and inordinate self-esteem were leading her over the road of disappointment and mortification? A poor reader of character, he saw nothing in her but disinterested benevolence, pure philanthropy, and sublime self-abnegation. And so the proud husband waited upon ladies by day—he was a clerk in a small retail store—and children by night, sitting down contentedly with a tiny Toodleum on each knee, every evening in the dark, dirty kitchen, waiting patiently for the maid-of-all-work—who was her own mistress—to place his sloppy tea and tough, burned bread on the table. Slymena seldom shared these delicacies with him; to use a common form of speech, she had "other fish to fry." Besides, couldn't "dear, good Puffer" be trusted with the children? Didn't they cry to be taken up whenever he came into the house? Wouldn't he be both father and mother to them? Wasn't it probable that a kind Providence would bless him in making his Slymena useful? She had said so many times. So Puffer soothed the little ones when they fretted, lugged them about when they were cross, and when the baby cried to be nursed, placed a large black bottle to its mouth, which, at first, it persisted in regarding as a cruel obstacle to its natural rights; but as Mr. Toodleum couldn't supply *all* deficiencies, hunger soon reconciled the bottle and the baby.

Mrs. Toodleum talked feelingly of her children; how that she had hoped to give her whole time to them; keep them from kitchen influence; shield their young minds from the insidious approach of evil; mould their plastic natures in the right form, and cultivate the germs of goodness she might find therein; trim the tree of receptivity—cut away the branches of sly selfishness, and ingraft open-handed benevolence, water the tender shoots of love, and guard zealously the green leaves of affection, and, comparatively speaking, merge her whole existence into theirs. Destiny, it seemed, had ordained otherwise. It had been shown her (through much tribulation), that her life and exertions belonged to outside humanity; that it would be a species of desecration to devote them to anything short of the good of the universal world. What was intellect made for, if not to grasp great subjects? What was genius worth, if not harnessed to the immense car of progression? Of what value was a philosophical mind, if its workings were to be limited to making evanescent pies and fleeting shirts? Could mental development and spiritual growth find fit voice in teaching whimpering juveniles the alphabet? Ought *her* nature (which had been subjected to the most trying ordeals, "the most instructive, the most wonderful, the most extraordinary experiences"), to be prostrated to such ignoble purposes? The answer was a thunderous *no!*

Mrs. Toodleum's antecedents were not so peculiarly pleasant that she cared to remember them. Of poor parentage, she received for education only such advantages as a common-school afforded, until she was fifteen, when she was placed in a mill to weave cloth for her employer and a living for herself. She was content enough till the gentle Toodleum crossed her path and invited her to share his fortunes. Now it was such a prodigious advance from a poor factory-girl to a clerk's wife, that Slymena hadn't the will to refuse. Ambitious beyond her means and station, this was a chance to take an upward step in life, which might not offer again. One round on the ladder gained, the next was easy to secure.

In personal appearance our heroine fell short of a Venus. Unbounded good will could not have pronounced her endowed with the fatal gift of beauty. Her eyes were too gray to be handsome; her nose too sharp to be classic; her lips too thin and blue to be attractive; her skin too red and freckled to be fair; her mouth too extensive to be elegant; her feet and hands too large and coarse to be pretty; her figure too angular to be symmetrical; while much trouble had been kept in such a continual twist and wrench that it was a matter of wonder how the different parts held together. In speech she affected a childlike simplicity, combined with a weak attempt at humor and originality, which excited pity rather than pleasure. Ambitious to be in the front rank of society; eager to be the first to speak and the last to be heard, she unconsciously displayed a lack of that very delicacy and refinement she hoped to display.

If Slymena Toodleum ever made a conquest it was by means of flattery; of that titulating art she was mistress. Not deficient in tact, she knew that that subtle agent penetrates hearts impervious to more substantial aid. Unassuming and unexpectant people were assured that fame awaited them; modest compounders of innocent doggerel were pleased to know that they ranked with the olden poets; omnibus and sign painters discovered that they were artists of celebrity; second-rate singers and composers were persuaded that their efforts equalled those of the great masters, while those who were unexpectedly found themselves classed with ancient orators.

With some exceptions these unctuous efforts were acceptable. They fed pride and ministered to vanity—a pair of worthies that never refuse adulation when administered at the right time and in proper quantities. Though to the superficial observer Mrs. Slymena was apparently sincere, yet to a student of human nature there was a Heep-like game playing; a plotting and planning on her own account, with something of the humility and self-abasement that characterized the "umble" Uriah. In spite of occasional distrusts, she succeeded in gaining a certain amount of credence, which may be ascribed to the seeming ingenuous and honest confidence she was in the habit of giving those who were in any way able to benefit her. With a sisterly friendship beautiful to contemplate, she opened her heart to you, exposing its innermost workings, laying bare its most precious secrets. You were a dear friend and brother—Slymena never made confidants of her own sex—should she not tell her difficulties, her dilemmas, and receive a portion of your sympathy and—though her lips seldom syllabled the word—your money? It was a simple snare, but many fell into it; its very simplicity invited the unwary.

With these qualifications for a leading mind, Mrs. Toodleum was a very suitable person to be at the head of a clique composed of persons who were dissatisfied with the present order of society. They advocated no particular principles, but believed in Slymena. They hoped for something better, and trusted in Slymena. Gathering themselves together in some upper chamber, they listened to Slymena, hanging upon her utterances as a bee hangs upon a flower. Visions fell from the tongue of the oracle—visions of the night, or any hour—from which the entranced auditors learned their duty to mankind, and to—Slymena.

Wriggling this way and that, and displaying a great deal of bodily restlessness, she exhorted her acolytes and neophytes to harmony of action and faith more abiding.

"My dear, how do you prosper?" inquired Mr. Toodleum, as his wife walked into the house and flung down her bonnet with an air of weariness. "Take this chair, my love; you need it more than I," he added, vacating the rockers on which he was tilting the baby in a laudable endeavor to soothe it to sleep.

"Passably, Puffer, passably! I've had a glorious interview with Mrs. Thorne. Such a woman as that is worth knowing. I loved her the moment I saw her. Her sphere, Puffer dear, is delightful; it attracted me at once. I felt as if I had known her for years. She assured me of her sympathy and assistance. Do you know she says she had the strongest desire to make my acquaintance long before she did? Isn't it curious? You remember *I* had a strong inclination towards *her* just about the same time. I call it a strange coincidence!"

"My love, *everybody* is attracted towards you. How could Mrs. Thorne be an exception?" rejoined Mr. Toodleum, warmly.

"I'm sure I don't see how it happens," pursued Slymena, in a musing tone. "I wonder very often what there is attractive about me to gain me so many friends. I wish I knew."

"Inferiors are attracted to superiors," replied Puffer, oracularly, letting the baby slip off his lap in attempting a gesture; "and attraction is the one universal law of all movements, particularly the social. If people do not obey this law, what is law unto them? Nothing, my love, but a dead letter. I wish this child was asleep."

"I've been trying to get some insight into the matter lately, and the impression come to me very vividly that the reason why men and women are as undeveloped as they are, is not because they are not naturally vicious, but simply because the present social order is contrary to Nature. But I shan't confine myself—I shan't restrain myself—I shan't set bounds to my tongue and shackles on my feet. I shall be myself, Puffer Toodleum. I shall follow my *highest!*"

"Slymena, my love, you astonish me!" exclaimed the open-mouthed husband. "I am proud of you—I am honored in being the partner of a woman gifted with such a mine of eloquence, such a rich flow of thought, such—"

An outcry in the next room interrupted the mild Toodleum and started him off to see what was the matter. Toodleum number two had fallen from the table and cut his head; an affair so trifling that his talented mother didn't think it necessary to get out of her chair.

"Pick him up, Puffer, and bathe his head in cold water," she languidly advised. "I wish *my* wounds were as easily cured."

"He seems a good deal bumped, my love. Hadn't you better wait upon him and hush him up a little?" timidly suggested the considerably concerned father.

"I couldn't; I'm tired, and besides I've got my best silk dress on. Sing to him, can't you? He'll tire of screaming, soon."

These words and the sound of rockers in motion were heard simultaneously.

Sing! Puffer's singing was worse than baby's screaming. He never tried to utter sweet sounds, except when he was down cellar or in the woods, for fear of being indicted as a nuisance. Slymena's counsel, for once, wasn't practicable. Bridget stilled the tumult by the timely presentation of candy, which the relieved Puffer fervently pronounced a blessing to the household.

An invitation to share with him the beverage which Bridget denominated tea, Slymena declined. She had taken tea at Mrs. Thorne's. How well that family lived! What quantities of ham, and tongue, and chicken salad were put upon the table! What a treat it was to visit that hospitable mansion!

Before the dry meal was despatched, the doorbell rang, and Mrs. Toodleum being summoned away, he was left to feed the tired, hungry children, and propel them up stairs, as best he could, into their cribs. After three successive seasons of lying down with the baby, and a couple of journeys down to the kitchen for "some water," he left his sleeping representatives, and with slippered feet entered the parlor. Slymena sat upon the sofa with a congenial brother on each side. Holding a hand of each, she evinced the usual preparatory symptoms of speaking, by first raising one shoulder and then the other, drawing in her breath and expelling it slowly, wriggling about on her seat, stretching her neck quite around, and a few gentle jerks of the whole person. Then, in a thin, wiry voice, and with frequent pauses, Mrs. Toodleum opened her mouth and spake:

"The great era of machinery is dawning upon us. Four-footed animals will be no longer needed; they can be turned out to grass. Machinery, living, breathing, pulsating machinery; machinery with arms, hands, head and brains, is to come thundering into our midst, proclaiming in herculean tones, total exemption from labor! Dear Puffer, am I saying anything?"

"Are you saying anything? My love, you electrify us! you startle us with your burning words! Go on, go on," he pleaded, gazing with wonder and admiration on the prophetess.

"Babies," continued Slymena, with a slow twist of the neck and a tight shutting of the eyes, "will be rocked, fed and educated by machinery. A law will be passed to—to declare it the only way, and all others,"—pause and quiver of the body—"will be prohibited under a heavy penalty. No promising boys and girls can be ruined by the ignorance of parents. Immediately after being born, they will be handed over to the Educational Establishment, where a machine constructed on phrenological principles will examine their heads and determine their vocations in life."

Mrs. Toodleum opened her eyes suddenly and looked at the trio who in concert exclaimed: "Most extraordinary!"

"Babies," resumed Mrs. Toodleum, after a pause of some seconds, drawing her fingers solemnly over her face, "will never worry their mortal parents with noise, for the sound will be conducted off in tubes to the open air. It is also shown me that life is to be no longer curtailed by over-indulgence in food. Everybody's stomach is to be measured with a guage, and his capacity to eat and drink ascertained. This instrument being correct, nobody will be sick. Automatons will cook the food, and quench one gently in the back when his or her allotted quantity is disposed of. If anybody should chance to be ill, magnetism, odyle, and clairoxympathy are all remedial agents. Servants will be dispensed with; zinc and copper wires and springs being the best possible domestics. Puffer Toodleum, do I get along any?"

"Most extraordinary!" said Toodleum.

"It may be wrong, but sometimes I feel so little confidence! I'm very weak of myself, Puffer."

"You will be supported, my love."

"Puffer is *so* careful of me! I'm afraid he'll spoil me, yet," replied Slymena, in her most languishing manner, smiling with ineffable sweetness. "But then I mustn't look back after putting my hand to the plow. What would the world say? What would the world *do?*"

"It would collapse, sister Toodleum! It would collapse and tumble back into chaos!" exclaimed the right-hand brother, enthusiastically. "We lean upon you; you are our chart and compass—our guiding star in this unbelieving Bethlehem. Take courage, my sister!"

The left-hand brother held his peace; but his long-drawn sighs, his rolling eyes, and fervent pressure of Slymena's imprisoned fingers, made the presumption probable that he *felt* more than he could speak.

The door bell tinkled a second time. Slymena was herself again. Jumping up so suddenly that the idolatrous Toodleum come near being thrown upon his back, she shook out her dress, smoothed her hair, called on one of her most fascinating expressions, and settled herself on the sofa in as graceful an attitude as could be assumed on so short a notice. Three more members of the clique made their entree, when precisely the programme was gone through with, with precisely the same results. And then Mrs. Toodleum desisted from her labors and went up stairs, followed by Toodleum, who commenced his regular routine of duties by taking off Slymena's boots, unhooking her dress, feeding the baby, getting a fresh "drink of water" for his two oldest hopefuls, mixing her a cordial, lighting the nightlamp, locking the doors, laying the fire for morning, ending by depositing his own tired, cold, corporeal substance beside her, to remain until the words, "Puffer dear, doesn't the baby want the bottle?" or, "Puffer love, don't the children need tucking up?" fell on his somnolent ears. Sometimes, in the vicinity of the small hours, he would be awakened from a refreshing nap, to act as amanuensis for his favored wife, from whom dropped the words of instruction destined for a very wicked world. Occasionally he was duly impressed with this style of manifestation; but oftener his teeth chattered and his limbs shook with nature's more practical demonstration of cold.

Mrs. Toodleum was in the habit of leaving her home very abruptly on long journeys; being "sent," as she confidently affirmed, by the guiding intelligence that ruled her life. *Why* she was "sent," nobody save herself ever knew. Puffer's income was limited; he could ill afford the expenses of a travelling wife; but a few of the "Order of Beneficents" (for thus they christened themselves), large-souled and well-filled pockets, made up the deficiency without grumbling. To be sure, they had families to support, and other claims upon their benevolence; however, Slymena's prerogatives superseded all other family obligations. Eternal principles must prevail. A new divine social order must be established, and Slymena be provided for. She professed an inaptness for the beautiful, and jewelry, she impressively declared, exerted a refining influence on the wearer. Should not Mrs. Toodleum wear diamonds? Was it not somebody's duty, if possessed of a diamond ring or pin, to lend or give it to her? Most assuredly! fine feathers make fine birds; and Slymena, it must be acknowledged, resorted to the most ingenious expedient to gain the coveted plumage. A rather failed *personnel* made it expedient, moreover, that Nature should receive some adornment, a piece of policy pursued by more than one Slymena, anxious to offset the work of time.

Mrs. Toodleum affirmed that travelling enlarged the mind, made clearer the perceptions, gave one broader views of life, developed the moral affections, strengthened the understanding, exalted the head, and purified the heart, and perfected the character. This somewhat startling and original information was followed by an announcement that it was imperatively necessary she should visit Europe. To fulfil her mission thoroughly, she must go to enjoy the "peculiar artistic and historic educational advantages that a foreign tour only affords." She desired to become a student—to gaze on objects and scenes with an eye of artistic culture—to study the effect of light and shade, to investigate causes and results, until the mantle of inspiration should fall upon her. In fine, "she should die—she knew she should die, if she didn't go to Europe!"

Could fatherly old men and gallant young ones, and motherly women resist this appeal? A subscription paper to obtain the needful funds was immediately drawn up and circulated among the "Order of Beneficents." A few of the brethren made wry faces at this unexpected taxation, but the majority submitted gracefully. Mrs. Toodleum had no scruples about going away. She left her husband to work out his salvation with fear and trembling, and her three baby-children in charge of Bridget, who promised to be a mother to them, but who, really (as the sequel proved), paid so much attention to her "young beau" that she had no time left to look after the little forsaken Toodleums; consequently the neglected trio ran and crept about the house and street at will, presenting dirty specimens of the motherly care of the Irish handmaid.

Mrs. Toodleum tarried no longer than was necessary to see her "house in order." Our readers will be indulgent enough to receive this as a figure of speech, as Slymena was not much given to a literal interpretation of the words. She experienced no backwardness in accepting the proffered pecuniary aid or determining what was expedient. She had not the nice observance of propriety, or the feminine delicacy which denotes a person of refinement and acute perceptions. She felt no scruples respecting *how* her ambition was gratified, providing it *was* gratified. Ways and means were only servants to results. Her womanly sensibilities were not easy to disarrange. And so the "Projectress"—we beg pardon for neglecting until now, to introduce Mrs. Toodleum by her consecrated name—set sail for Europe, freighted with the usual quantity of luggage, a pile of unpublished manuscript for edification of the benighted Europeans, and a box of tracts that the "Beneficents" had published exclusively for home circulation, but which it had been deemed wise to send on a mission to the benighted Europeans. These tracts treated of "New Healing Practitioners, New Forms of Government, New Agricultural Methods," and a series of lectures on "the Eyes, Nose and Mouth, the Hand, the Arm, the Food, the Leg and the Trunk; they all being," in the language of the author, "of an intensely interesting nature, and of a highly unfolded character." Through these was to begin the "Great Transformation of Materiality and through that, of society, and of Man's Nature."

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Need it longer be said that the subtle elements of Nature are past finding out? We should think not, judging by the foregoing lucid exposition of her laws and modes of operation.

The "Beneficents" proved to be a scientific class of observers. In Slymena's absence they originated a vast number of principles of the most thorough and scientific character, classifying and analyzing them in an unique and novel manner. Perhaps we shall be pardoned for giving some of the emanations of one of their leading minds, delivered in a distinct and impressive manner, and taken down on the spot by a highly unfolded recorder.*

"Discourse will now be more especially given of contraction and expansion. It is wise to discourse of these in connection. The field is a wide one and has been but little surveyed. A critical examination of the mortal body will plainly show its wonderful expansive and contracting qualities. Faculties of the mind are, so to speak, selected especially to attend to these important branches of service. The arms and the legs are usually engaged in this branch of labor. It is by the aid of the latter that the occupant of the tree (usually termed the mortal body), unlike all other trees, enjoys locomotion. And it is by their aid that he can reach to things that are distant. To facilitate these processes, there are most minutes contracting fibres reaching from the faculty of the mind and terminating at the ends of the minor branches. So beautifully are these internals arranged, that one never has nor ever can interfere with another. These fibres of which speech is now made, pervade all parts of the mortal body, and extend even to the mortal body, and when others are in states of peculiar emotion, that affects the occupant of the mortal body. When one in another body is happy, then these fibres do the work of expansion; when another is grieved, they do the work of contraction. Thus, in this remarkable way, the occupant of the mortal body is made to weep with those that weep, and rejoices with those that rejoice! And it is wise here to observe that this is the first revealment made to the inhabitants of our earth, though the inhabitants of other earths have before been instructed in this particular. All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

The "harp of a thousand strings," was, apparently touched at last. It promised a great many echoes, too, for the speaker went on with his erudite teachings after a brief pause.

"All things being considered, it will be wisest, at this time, to discourse of those members which more especially connect what is called the feet, with what is generally denominated the body, or which may be here called the trunk. It will be remembered that it has been distinctly affirmed, that, taken as a whole, the mortal body is a tree, possessed of various branches. It may not be out of place here to say that the two members below the trunk of the tree are roots. Let the word *roots* be deeply impressed. It is disagreeable to have listeners perpetually forgetting and confounding important terms. There is, it may be thought, an amount of material in the human body, some of which might with convenience be dispensed with; but it is wise to say that no portions have on one side too much, or on the other side too little. These roots are called upon frequently; it may be said that they are exceedingly industrious. Whether other parts of the tree are at rest or at work, these high members are constantly employed. To perform all this labor they must be taken care of; and there is constantly flowing into them, from the trunk, most useful nourishment, so to speak. The bones connecting the two together are exceedingly well made; and the hinges which join the parts are such admirable specimens of mechanism that they will bear inspection."

This assertion was rather a bold one, but nothing daunted, the approver of Nature's handiwork closed his instructions with the following pertinent paragraph:

"Above the parts just discoursed of, are arrangements for the digestive process, and also apparatus for the breathing process. It is found to be somewhat difficult to speak with much clearness, in words, of these two processes; but to some extent these things are encased within that which reminds the observer of a hooped barrel. But the case differs from a hooped barrel in these particulars: First, in shape; second, it has no top or bottom; and third, they may be expanded or compressed. Thus has discourse been rapidly given of some of the outermals, which help so much to make up the mortal body."

Brother Mooney, the author of all this profundity, expelled the air from his lungs very slowly, stretched out his long arm and index finger impressively, elevated his nose in the air, and sank deliberately into his seat amid a burst of admiration from the assembled fraternity, who looked upon him as a "Saul among the prophets." They reverenced his compass of thought, and marvelled at his profound powers of reasoning. The fire of his genius, in their view, was very nearly allied to inspiration.

He was, doubtless, guiltless of any great moral turpitude, simply because mentally incapable of concocting any notable scheme of wrong-doing. He was a harmless, inoffensive member of the human family, afflicted with crochets, perhaps, and shallow-minded, withal, but innocent as a lamb of any symptoms of setting the world on fire. Having thrown the rudder of Reason overboard, his frail vessel ran upon the rocks of Folly, and was in imminent danger of being swallowed up in the deep sea of Error. Solomon Mooney, alias the "Installer," and the "Projectress" were on the best of terms. Co-workers in the great field of social and moral reform, they played into each other's hands with adroit skill, and had the game all their own way. Trumps were shared equally between them, and hands divided in the same proportion. Solomon was as much averse to physical labor as Slymena. It tired and worried him; he didn't like it. Work was well enough for those who fancied such a gross use of the hands and arms. It might do for common minds, who aspired to nothing more elevated; but the elect chose to get their bread and butter in an easier way—by their wits. Solomon had the happy faculty of all this kind to commence with, yet by following the lead of his associate, he managed to acquit himself in a manner highly creditable to his exemplary pattern.

Mrs. Toodleum did not make a long sojourn in the land of lords and ladies. Somehow, the sturdy English and the fashionable French scarcely appreciated the "highly developed susceptibilities," the "exquisite sensitiveness," and the "greatly spiritualized" character that she believed herself blessed in possessing. Nobody burned incense on the altar of her vanity, or made an offering to her self-esteem. The order of "Beneficents," with its enlarged plan of operations, was purely a Yankee institution; its attempted inauguration on the other side of the Atlantic proved a failure. Its representative was looked upon as a discontented, ambitious woman, who had mistaken her vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which doubtless lay directly in the road before her. So the "Projectress," after as much sight-seeing (we beg pardon; we should have said "enlargement of the mind, strengthening of the understanding, and development of the affectional nature") as limited means and small influence permitted, came home to the bosom of her family, and brought her mission with her.

"When I was in Europe," proved to be a pet phrase of Mrs. Toodleum's. It was the dam from which emanated all her conclusions—the great starting point of her reasonings—a grand silencer of doubt, and a power of an argument in favor of whatever she desired. It wasn't safe to smile when those authoritative words were spoken, nor expedient to demur any longer; they settled the question at issue.

A grand convention of the "Beneficents" was soon announced to take place. The "Projectress" was to relate her "wonderful experience," and this circumstance, of itself, was sufficient to draw together a goodly number of the fraternity, as well as several "outsiders" curious to witness the different phases of human nature that might be presented. Mrs. Toodleum and Mr. Mooney were the last to come in. The former, attired in her best, carried a countenance of much complacency; while the latter, nearly overpowered by the seriousness of the matter in hand, conducted the lady to a low platform prepared for her, and placing himself directly in front, commenced a series of pantomime with the gravity of an owl.

Closing his eyes and elevating his nose, he raised his right arm very slowly, and with index finger pointed to the oracle's head for the space of two minutes; after which, that small but useful member travelled over her forehead carefully, as if to rub off all unfavorable influences and rub on the spirit of eloquence. Then the arm retreated as gradually, the finger fell into place, the eyes flew open, and the "Installer" installed himself in a neighboring chair.

Mrs. Toodleum remained silent for a brief season. When she arose to speak, after a premonitory twist and two or three small spasms, she wore the expression of a wronged and injured woman.

"According to the custom of the world," she said, addressing herself to the listening "Beneficents," a woman is pronounced to be out of her sphere when she attempts to speak in public; but I rejoice to say that custom, with me, is of no account. I shall do my duty; and that duty consists in making known to you, in my feeble way, the wonderful experiences I have been called upon to pass through. Nobody, except my dear husband," she added, glancing patronizingly at the innocuous Toodleum, who blushed immediately, as though convicted of a misdemeanor, "can have the faintest conception of the heavy trials I have encountered. The antagonism, the opposition, the rivalry, jealousy and general discouragement that I have met with the world—would—would afford material for a thrilling romance. But I expected the frowns and desertion of friends, and the cold rebuffs of the world. I tried to meet with humility and patience the slights that were put upon me, and meekly and unrepiningly bear the heavy cross of my mission. I reflected—and my dear husband was the first to suggest the thought—that all reformers suffer martyrdom in one way or another, and that tribulation is the common lot of those who aspire to benefit mankind. I am not appreciated—I do not expect to be appreciated in this world. My mental struggles have been intense—I may say excruciating! The

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We do not propose to follow out in detail the movements of the "Projectress." That she reached the land of her hopes in safety, proceeding on her way in the strongest faith that that was to be the turning point in her mission, was evident from an early epistle to the "Beneficents."

"Already," she wrote, "I can see the best of reasons for my coming to Europe. To-day I received a thought inexpressibly thrilling; it was this: Nature requires negative as well as positive forces whereby to move the globes; so the great movements of humanity requires the negative class of minds. It is the torrid zone of the soul—or perchance its volcanic fire, its eruptions, its thunder and lightnings, its maelstroms of inverted and chaotic passion, which upset and undermine the world's monotony, whirling to destruction worthless laws and institutions crumbling with hoary age. Is it not a stupendous reflection?

Need it longer be said that the subtle elements of Nature are past finding out? We should think not, judging by the foregoing lucid exposition of her laws and modes of operation.

The "Beneficents" proved to be a scientific class of observers. In Slymena's absence they originated a vast number of principles of the most thorough and scientific character, classifying and analyzing them in an unique and novel manner. Perhaps we shall be pardoned for giving some of the emanations of one of their leading minds, delivered in a distinct and impressive manner, and taken down on the spot by a highly "unfolded recorder."

"Discourse will now be more especially given of contraction and expansion. It is wise to discourse of these in connection. The field is a wide one and has been but little surveyed. A critical examination of the mortal body will plainly show its wonderful expansive and contracting qualities. Faculties of the mind are, so to speak, selected especially to attend to these important branches of service. The arms and the legs are usually engaged in this branch of labor. It is by the aid of the latter that the occupant of the tree (usually termed the mortal body), unlike all other trees, enjoys locomotion, and by their aid that he can reach to things that are distant. To facilitate these processes, there are most minute contracting fibres reaching from the faculty of the mind and terminating at the ends of the minor branches. So beautifully are these interactions arranged, that one never has nor ever can interfere with another, so complete are fibres of which speech is now made, pervade all parts of the mortal body, and extend outside the mortal body, and when others are in states of peculiar emotion, that affects the occupant of the mortal body. When one in another body is happy, then these fibres do the work of expansion; when another is grieved, they do the work of contraction. Thus, in this remarkable way, the occupant of the mortal body is made to weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice! And it is wise here to observe that this is the first revealment made to the inhabitants of our earth, though the inhabitants of other earths have before been instructed in this particular. All are but parts of one stupendous whole!"

The "harp of a thousand strings," was, apparently touched at last. It promised a great many echoes, too, for the speaker went on with his erudite teachings after a brief pause.

"All things being considered, it will be wisest, at this time, to discourse of those members which more especially connect what is called the feet, with what is generally denominated the body, or which may be here called the trunk. It will be remembered that it has been distinctly affirmed, that, taken as a whole, the mortal body is a tree, possessed of various branches. It may not be out of place here to say that the two members below the trunk of the tree are roots. Let the word *roots* be clearly impressed. It is disagreeable to have listeners perpetually forgetting and confounding important terms. There is, it may be thought, an amount of material in the human body, some of which might with convenience be dispensed with; but it is wise to say that no portions have on one side too much, or on the other side too little. Those roots are called upon frequently; it may be said that they are exceedingly industrious. Whether other parts of the tree are at rest or at work, these high members are constantly employed. To perform all this labor they must be taken care of; and there is constantly flowing into them, from the trunk, most useful nourishment, so to speak. The bones connecting the two together are exceedingly well made; and the hinges which join the parts are such admirable specimens of mechanism that they will bear inspection."

This assertion was rather a bold one, but nothing daunted, the approver of Nature's handiwork closed his instructions with the following pertinent paragraph:

"Above the parts just discoursed of, are arrangements for the digestive process, and also apparatus for the breathing process. It is found to be somewhat difficult to speak with much clearness, in words, of these two processes; but to some extent these things are encased within that which reminds the observer of a hooped barrel. But the case differs from a hooped barrel in these particulars: First, in shape; second, it has no top or bottom; and third, they may be expanded or compressed. Thus has discourse been rapidly given of some of the outernals, which help so much to make up the mortal body."

Brother Mooney, the author of all this profundity, expelled the air from his lungs very slowly, stretched out his long arm and index finger impressively, elevated his nose in the air, and sank deliberately into his seat amid a buzz of admiration from the assembled fraternity, who looked upon him as a "Saul among the prophets." They reverenced his compass of thought, and marvelled at his profound powers of reasoning. The fire of his genius, in their view, was very nearly allied to inspiration.

He was, doubtless, guiltless of any great moral turpitude, simply from because mentally incapable of concocting any notable scheme of wrong-doing. He was a harmless, inoffensive member of the human family, afflicted with crochets, perhaps, and shallow-minded, withal, but innocent as a lamb of any symptoms of setting the world on fire. Having thrown the rudder of Reason overboard, his frail vessel was upon the rocks of Folly, and was in imminent danger of being swallowed up in the deep sea of Error. Solomon Mooney, alias the "Installer," and the "Projectress" were on the best of terms. Co-workers in the great field of social and moral reform, they played into each other's hands with adroit skill, and had the game all their own way. Trumps were shared equally between them, and hands divided in the same proportion. Solomon was as much averse to physical labor as Slymena. It tired and worried him; he didn't like it. Work was well enough for those who fancied such a gross use of the hands and arms. It might do for common minds, who aspired to nothing more elevated; but the elect chose to get their bread and butter in an easier way—by their wits. Solomon had the smallest capital of this kind to commence with, yet by following the lead of his associate, he managed to acquit himself in a manner highly creditable to his exemplary pattern.

Mrs. Toodleum did not make a long sojourn in the land of lords and ladies. Somehow, the sturdy English and the fashionable French scarcely appreciated the "highly developed susceptibilities," the "exquisite sensitiveness," and the "greatly spiritualized" character that she believed herself blessed in possessing. Nobody bowed incense on the altar of her vanity, or made an offering to her self-esteem. The order of "Beneficents," with its enlarged plan of operations, was purely a Yankee institution; its attempted inauguration on the other side of the Atlantic proved a failure. Its representative was looked upon as a discontented, ambitious woman, who had mistaken her vocation in looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over ordinary ones which doubtless lay directly in the road before her. So the "Projectress," after as much sight-seeing (we beg pardon; we should have said "enlargement of the mind, strengthening of the understanding, and development of the affections") as her limited means and small influence permitted, came home to the bosom of her family, and brought her mission with her.

"When I was in Europe," proved to be a pet phrase of Mrs. Toodleum's. It was the data from which emanated all her conclusions—the great starting point of her reasonings—a grand silencer of doubt, and a poser of an argument in favor of whatever she desired. It wasn't safe to smile when those authoritative words were spoken, nor expedient to demur any longer; they settled the question at issue.

A grand convention of the "Beneficents" was soon announced to take place. The "Projectress" was to relate her "wonderful experience," and this circumstance, of itself, was sufficient to draw together a goodly number of the fraternity, as well as several "outsiders" curious to witness the different phases of human nature that might be presented. Mrs. Toodleum and Mr. Mooney were the last to come in. The former, attired in her best, carried a countenance of much complacency; while the latter, nearly overpowered by the seriousness of the matter in hand, conducted the lady to a low platform prepared for her, and placing himself directly in front, commenced a series of pantomime with the gravity of an owl.

Closing his eyes and elevating his nose, he raised his right arm very slowly, and with index finger pointed at the oracle's head for the space of two minutes; after which, that small but useful member travelled over her forehead carefully, as if to rub off all unfavorable influences and rub on the spirit of eloquence. Then the arm returned as gradually, the finger fell into place, the eyes flew open, and the "Installer" installed himself in a neighboring chair.

Mrs. Toodleum remained silent for a brief season. When she arose to speak, after a premonitory twist and two or three small spasms, she wore the expression of a wronged and injured woman.

"According to the custom of the world," she said, addressing herself to the listening "Beneficents," a woman is pronounced to be out of her sphere when she attempts to speak in public; but I rejoice to say that custom, with me, is of no account. I shall do my duty; and that duty consists in making known to you, in my feeble way, the opposition, the rivalry, jealousy and general discouragement that I have met with, would—would—would afford material for a thrilling romance. But I expected the frowns and desertion of friends, and the cold rebuffs of the world. I tried to meet with humility and patience the slights that were put upon me, and meekly and unrepiningly bear the heavy cross of my mission. I reflected—and my dear husband was the first to suggest the thought—that all reformers suffer martyrdom in one way or another, and that tribulation is the common lot of those who aspire to benefit mankind. I am not appreciated—I do not expect to be appreciated in this world. My mental struggles have been intense—I may say excruciating! The storm, the tempest and the whirlwind have passed over my soul, leaving it sorely stricken and bowed to the dust. But, so to speak, the ploughing and harrowing of my inner being have not been in vain: the thorough breaking up and tilling of its soil has resulted in a degree of development that I could not, in my most prophetic moments, have foreshadowed. All this mental suffering and spirit-crucifixion have but facilitated its growth and quickened the receptivity and susceptibility of my nature. I do not complain—I am not here to complain; but, my friends, the agony and anguish of the struggle has been—terrible!"

"Most extraordinary!" murmured the rapt Toodleum.

As if the remembrance of this mental torture was too painful to contemplate, Mrs. Toodleum paused suddenly and drew herself. It was not in Mr. Mooney's nature to remain inactive at such a momentous crisis. Taking a seat very close to Slymena, and clasping the inevitable hand, he spoke the following words of cheer to the distressed sister in the new Israel:

"How beautiful is the influence which this woman exerts! In this particular, she is most fearfully and wonderfully made. There passes from this woman a very marked influence. It is not precisely the religious—it is not precisely the moral—it is not precisely the practical; but it is, so to speak, a *compost* of all, and so charmingly intermingled that they impart a most *adhesive* influence. But this person should be in the region of the tranquilities more: her mind is too much given to the excitements. There is scarcely another so highly exalted among the inhabitants of the earth; it is nearly impossible to find her equal. But she must not use her mind merely to gratify *other* minds; she must employ it only for lofty purposes. This promises to be a gathering of untold interest; so to speak, there never was before on the earth a meeting from which will flow such important results. From this hour, this woman is newly consecrated to her mission. She shall go on her mysterious way known by her flowing speech and cheerful foot. Wisdom shall sit on her beautiful head, and peace adorn her graceful neck."

Solomon ceased, and Slymena, quite restored by these consoling assurances, took up the thread of her narrative.

"My experience has been so strange, so thrilling, so utterly unprecedented, that I have not language to describe it. Eternal principles have been laid open to my view; new and startling developments have had birth in my brain. I have received instructions on the most profound, the most philosophical, the most abstruse subjects, and been qualified, guided and commissioned to be the bearer of good tidings to all men, and *some* women. I think I have received directly, without dilution, quantities of the pure waters of wisdom. An entire change in society is meditated; a new divine social order is being rapidly inaugurated. The moral machinery is undergoing repairs; it will be made to run very smoothly, without any of the disagreeable friction of to-day My feeble powers have been tasked in working upon this great mechanism, but it has been through much tribulation. My struggles have been without precedent in the world's progress."

The "Projectress" again paused to give her words time to take effect. At this juncture, a gentleman of polite address arose and courteously addressed her. There had been an intimation that any who chose could make remarks.

"What was the nature of the struggle you allude to, madam?—if I may be allowed the liberty of asking a question," he inquired.

"It was dying to the world, sir," replied Slymena, in her usual droning key.

"Dying to the world," continued the gentleman, "if I am not in error, implies, virtually, a renunciation of the duties, responsibilities and fellowship which society imposes upon us, as well as a relinquishment of the pleasures and gratifications this same world affords. The sun hides herself when she renounces the world—you court the public gaze; the nun retires to the seclusion of a convent—you go to Europe to get developed; the nun subdues her pride and selfishness by severe penance and discipline—yours is fostered daily by deplorable credulity and a lamentable infatuation. The trials and struggles you have so feelingly depicted, I believe to be purely imaginary. Let us reason a little: Have you suffered from hunger and thirst? Has your body shivered with cold? Has disease crossed your threshold or misfortune overtaken you? Have you been made a widow and your children fatherless? Nay, not one of these genuine trials have befallen you, and yet you tell us of grievous sorrows and terrible struggles. The dim eye, the wan cheek, the anxious look, are more eloquent than words; they rarely deceive.

"You speak of the desertion of friends; perhaps, madam, it did not occur to you that though divine forbearance is not limited, human often is. We have been told a great deal about missions. I doubt not that every individual has a mission; but then it is much nearer home than one is apt to imagine. I must be allowed to doubt the wisdom of a mission that takes a woman from her husband and infant children and sends her about the country on quixotic errands. I can reasonably question the soundness of the mind that permits itself to be absorbed in fanciful, airbuilt theories to the exclusion of the practicabilities of life or the duties of the home circle, and safely distrust that ambition which exalts self and lowers the brother. A good wife, a good mother, and a good friend will find abundant opportunities of being useful. Much visionary enthusiasm and fanaticism passes under the abused name of reform; but the true worker in the field of humanity labors without pretension, or the assumption of being a chosen instrument. Society, no doubt, needs elevation; but pardon me for saying that this must be brought about by individual reform, and not by the limited action of a clique or party of one idea men and women. I have spoken earnestly; the occasion seemed to demand both earnestness and sincerity. What I have said, you can subject to the criticism of reason and common sense. I do not fear the verdict. Having fulfilled *my* mission, I wish you success in yours."

The speaker bowed to Mrs. Toodleum and quietly passed out of the room, leaving the "Beneficents" stunned with amazement at his heretical remarks. How such a Judas had crept into their midst, was a marvel; and how he dared give utterance to such unqualified sentiments, was more of a mystery.

"What an eccentric man!" said Slymena, with flushed cheeks.

"Most extraordinary!" murmured Puffer, under his breath.

One by one, the dumb and crest-fallen auditors softly followed the plain-spoken "outsider" from the hall, until a few only remained to support, by their presence, the second "Pythia," who, silenced by the unexpected rebuke, stood watching the retreating figures of her constituents with an expression of countenance akin to contempt. Solomon spoke of "ignorance and misconception," and Puffer "hoped his dear Slymena wouldn't mind it." Then they all went home—the latter feeling more chagrin and disappointment than she was willing to admit.

This was not the last obstacle that Mrs. Toodleum stumbled against, in her march of improvement; hinderances sprang up at all points. The world kept on very much as usual, jostling her fine-spun theories and laying obstructions on her track of reform. Society refused to be made over in a twinkling; it persisted in gradual improvement, and frowned down all attempts at running when walking was proved the better way. Public opinion did not recognize the claims of her mission. Public opinion is too democratic to uphold chosen instruments; it believes in a grand equality. Mrs. Toodleum's adherents have fallen off in numbers, and reluctantly she has subsided into private life, with the mortifying conviction that her much vaunted mission is still unfulfilled, and her anticipated position and influence not attainable by pretension or self-laudation.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ALMOST LOST.

BY R. L. MIDDLEY.

Charles Gordon was a gay-hearted, handsome, generous fellow, and a favorite with the whole corps, from the bluff old commandant to Meer Ali, the Hindoo servant; though in truth, he was apt in the exuberant hilarity of youth, to commit actions serious to himself, and liable to compromise the credit of our regiment which was at the time stationed in India. Complaints were constantly being brought in against him by the inhabitants of the towns around; now the house of a surly Mussulman had been forcibly entered, now a sacred pigeon had been shot at while roosting on the very pinnacle of a pagoda; while once upon a time he was likely to have fared still worse for having dared to pursue one of the dancing-girls belonging to the temple, into the very precincts of that prohibited edifice. He was passionately fond of field-sports, and often his fowling-piece made welcome additions to our common-place fare, and led him into scenes that at the time, were anything but agreeable to those that were necessarily his companions.

On one occasion, allured by the news of much game, we obtained a month's leave of absence, intending to roam the jungles, until time was up, and duty again called us. Attended by three servants and a sepoy, we commenced our knight-errantry. After a glorious week's sport we found ourselves nearly used up, and decided to rest a week, at a town with a jaw-breaking name. Our sepoy was a fine, intelligent fellow, and by him we were informed that he had made friends with an old man whose only child, a young and lovely girl, had lately been dragged from their cottage during his temporary absence, the only person that was with her at the time being a decrepid old woman, their servant. That plunder was not the object sought, was not the object of her abduction, was evident, for nothing was touched in the house or garden, and the old woman, who had fainted in her terror, could only recollect that amongst the party who tore the poor girl from her arms, was one in the garb of a Hindoo mendicant. Interested by Ali's recital, at my desire he introduced me to his new acquaintance, He was a fine, venerable, old man on the verge of eighty; and in answer to our inquiries, declared that he was convinced his daughter—his sweet Azeeta—had been carried off by the Goands for their annual human sacrifice.

"But can nothing be done to save her?" we both exclaimed, indignant at his passive submission to what he called destiny. But the only answer was that in three days, at the new moon, the sacrifice took place. "And then," exclaimed he, with a gush of anguish, "I shall be childless."

"Nay," returned Charles, "lead me to the spot, or the one you suspect, provide us and our attendants with disguises as you may deem most likely to favor such an enterprise, and let me try what can be done."

The old Mussulman clutched at the unexpected hope conveyed in these words, with desperate joy; but I, knowing his rashness, vainly endeavored to dissuade him from such an undertaking; but his eloquence, and the strong desire I had to fathom the whole affair, to satisfy my doubts regarding human sacrifices, and to restore a child to her father's arms, caused me to lay aside my scruples and join my friend in his undertaking.

Disguised as native soldiers we commenced our search, and it was not long before we had discovered the principal pagoda of the place, situated in a thick grove. We felt assured that the interior of this temple was the place allotted for the sacrifices, nor was it with any difficulty we learned, by mingling with the crowds that attended a fair in the town that a great festival was to be solemnized at midnight.

The pagoda was so strongly built that we despaired at once of gaining entrance, and but for a providential accident, should have failed in gaining access to the building. While crawling carefully round the building, reconnoitering, a large snake issued from a heap of stones, passed rapidly towards the temple, and entered a crevice in the wall, and glided away out of our sight. Charles seized the stick, and immediately commenced a pursuit, until its disappearance, when he strove to dislodge the reptile, by thrusting his weapon into the aperture. The stick struck against something that emitted a metallic sound, and on approaching to examine it, he found it was a small door imbedded in the stone-work of the wall. Digging away the mortar and rubbish that almost concealed it from sight, with his sword, until he was able to drag it open, and gain admittance to a small cell, then returning, he related to us his discovery, and with our swords and pistols near at hand, and a torch, in case of need, we returned to the search.

On entering the cell, a gleam of light shining through a crevice in one corner, warned us that neighbors were at hand, and that all must be done as silently as possible if we hoped to succeed. A groan from the bereaved parent, and his fall, as he glanced through the crevice, proved that his shattered nerves had received an additional shock. Seizing him, I commenced dragging him into the open air, while my companion, following the old man's example, saw through the orifice a most lovely creature. A young and graceful girl, whose beauty shone in the glance of many torches stuck in the wall, as she lay bound hand and foot. In each corner of the room was an image, hideous and frightful as ever heathen bowed down to, and ornamented with garlands of skulls and forms of hideous snakes. In the centre of the room blazed a large fire, round which, slowly danced and horribly sang a band of native devotees, until a huge gong struck up its discordant sounds, when they withdrew.

Passing his hands over the wall, searching every crevice and cranny with his fingers, in the dark, regardless of the hiss of the startled snake, he sought an entrance to the prisoner; at length a spring or bolt was touched, the door opened, and in five minutes, free from cord or chain, she lay motionless in the arms of her overjoyed parent, and after a successful retreat, was at last placed in safety, but not until a dart from Cupid's bow and Azeeta's bright eyes had pierced my young friend's heart.

Soon they were united, and on the death of his loved one's father, Charles Gordon found himself worth a few lac of rupees, and with a wife whose clinging affection rewarded him for all dangers incurred for her sake. But sickness seized him, and as the heavy damp hung on the brow that Azeeta pressed to her bosom, and so tearfully kissed, she seemed unconscious that they were the damps of death, or that the dread silence told that he breathed no more, and that life with it had fled. Slowly came the conviction to her mind, and with a shriek that echoed in my ears for years, so embodied was it with unutterable woe, she fled to her own apartment, and was comfortless. His body was prepared for the grave, but so life-like it seemed, that I felt overwhelmed with grief, as I lighted the torches around his bier, and locking the door, withdrew.

As I passed a thick and almost impassable hedge, I heard a whispering, and dropping to the ground, listened to the quarrel of two natives on the other side of the leafy wall.

"If you had me in trouble, I'll kill you with my dirk," said one whose dialect proved him to be a mendicant.

"Idiot," answered the other, "the potion I placed in the water he drank was sure, and he died; when was the sheeza moss known to fail? Did he not rub as of our sacrifice? and now within our reach the only article wanting to make the holy unguent that shall appease the goddess for the loss of her sacrifice. My knife is keen, and you have but to remain silent while I repeat the incantations, and to hold the body firmly while I cut the heart from the cursed Sahb's bosom.

Creeping back through the door I had just left, I crouched down behind the bier, over which the pall had been thrown to conceal it from sight and be in readiness for the mournful scene on the morrow, and was at once effectually concealed; loosening my sword and grasping my pistols, I resolved to inundate the miscreants who had wed my friend to the worm, and torn the hearts of the entire regiment. I was scarcely ensconced in my hiding place, before stealthily in crept the squalid figures of the two devotees.

The eyes of the foremost glared like a tiger-cat's, as with fiendish delight they rested on the lonely corpse of my friend. Giving a quick glance around, he muttered: "When I have summoned the spirits of the air, the demons of the earth, and our immortal goddess, seize the hound's body and hold it firmly."

Drawing a large knife from his belt, he knelt down and commenced a low chant; then as he motioned to his companion to speak after a the body, and prepared to rise, knife in hand, I fired. Shot through the heart he sprang up, throwing his arms wildly aloft, then with scarcely a groan he fell dead across the corpse he profaned by his touch, while his hot blood sparting in streams, crimsoned the snowy habiliments of death. Involuntarily I sprang forward to remove him, while his comrade moved off. I seized him as he fled past, but being naked, he slipped through my arms like an eel. At the same moment I felt his dirk-like knife in my arm, as he felt for my heart. Drawing my other pistol, there was a report, and he stumbled and fell over the threshold with a bullet through his brain, just as my servants, alarmed by the firing, came rushing in.

On lifting the miscreant first killed from the body of poor Charles, I started back as the light was reflected in something on the face of my friend. A second glance convinced me that his eyes were open, and this certainly flashed across my mind, the head was slowly moved round. The Hindoo servants fled in terror, while I was staggered; fear was, however, only momentary, and having procured restoratives they were applied with effect, and he slowly revived and shook off the torpor induced by the poison, and before many days was out of danger. It seemed that the loud report, sudden blow and warmth, had aroused nature to renewed action, and restored suspended animation. It is needless to tell the joy of the whole regiment, and happiness of Azeeta, as her husband was restored to her arms, and a companion to us.

Housewife's Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

How to choose Potatoes.

Observe as a general rule, says Soyer, that the smaller the eye, the better the potato, as when they are too full in the eye they are either of an inferior quality, or are running to seed. To ascertain if they are sound, nip a piece from the thickest end with your finger nail; if good, the inside will either be of a white, yellow, or reddish hue, according to the sort and quality; if, on the contrary, they are spotted, they are bad, or getting so; but though this part may be slightly touched, by cutting a little off the outside they may prove fit for boiling.

Ladies' Dress.

Every lady should study and determine what dress is most becoming and suitable for her style of person. In Paris, the style of beauty, and the peculiarities of every individual, are considered before her style of costume is determined upon. In an English or American ball room, on the contrary, one dress is too often the fac-simile of all robed alike—and all, as they imagine, dressed according to the latest Parisian fashion. This is an error which every woman of real taste will endeavor to correct.

Fish Pie.

Most pie is very common in most households, but fish is seldom prepared for the table in this way, though it is cheaper in all seaboard towns and quite as nice. Eels, especially, make a good pie. Line your pie dish with a good crust, put in the fish with a bunch of herbs, a little salt and bruised spice, and a large piece of butter on the top, cover with the crust and bake for an hour and a half. Many cooks prepare a ragout of vegetables and add it when the pie is done.

Cheap and good Jelly.

Take apples of the best quality and good flavor (not sweet), cut them in quarters or slices, and stew till soft; then strain the juice, being very careful not to let any of the pulp go through the strainer. Boil it to the consistency of molasses; then weigh it and add as many pounds of sugar, stirring it constantly until the sugar is dissolved. Add one ounce of extract of lemon to every twenty pounds of jelly, and when cold, set it away in jars. It will keep good for years.

To keep Suet.

Suet may be kept a year, thus: choose the firmest and most free from skin or veins, remove all traces of these, put the suet in a saucepan at some distance from the fire, and let it melt gradually; when melted, pour it into a pan of cold spring water: when hard, wipe it dry, fold it in white paper, put it in a linen bag, and keep it in a cool dry place; when used, it must be scraped, and will make an excellent crust with or without butter.

Wakefulness at Night.

A tepid bath at bed time, woollen stockings at night, a soft pillow under the feet, and proper covering above, will generally conquer wakefulness proceeding from cold feet. Another cause of wakefulness is tingling in the skin, with fidgets. This often proceeds from indigestion, and is curable by hartshorn and water, or by half a glass of soda water taken with about five-and-twenty grains of carbonate of soda.

Children.

It is a fearful trial to the digestive organs of the young to permit them to be ever tasting cake and candy between meals. Great regularity should be observed in supplying the stomach with food, especially in young persons. If you would have your children healthy and strong, permit them but few sweetmeats—the fewer the better—and teach them to eat regularly and of plain food.

Fatigue and Food.

Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances, is to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more. In ten minutes you feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness which will be pleasantly surprising to you.

Wafer Pancakes.

Beat four eggs well with two spoonsful of fine flour, two spoonsful of cream, one ounce of fine white sugar, and half a nutmeg (grated). Rub your pan well with a little oil butter, and pour in your batter as thin as a wafer; fry it only on one side. Put the pancakes on a dish, and grate sugar between each of them. Serve hot.

Cement.

Lime sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred pretty thick with the white of an egg, makes a strong cement, for either glass or china. Plaster of Paris pulverized is still better, and should be stirred by the spoonful as it is wanted for use.

Cream Pancakes.

Mix the yolks of two eggs with half a pint of good cream, and two ounces of sugar. Rub your pan with lard, fry the cakes as thin as possible, grate sugar over them, and serve them hot.

Soft Cakes in little Pans.

One and a half pound of butter rubbed into two pounds of flour, add one wine-glass of wine, one of rose water, two of yeast, nutmeg, cinnamon and currants.

Sweet Potato Waffles.

Two table-spoonsful of mashed potato, one of butter, one of sugar, one pint of milk, four table spoonsful of wheat flour. Mix well together and bake in a waffle iron.

Felons.

The fatal marrow of the ox or cow, applied every four hours for two days to felons on the fingers, has been attended with the most satisfactory results.

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Published each Saturday by M. M. BALLOU,

No. 22 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

Poet's Corner.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REMEMBER ME.

BY DARK SYBIL.

When on life's tempestuous ocean
Thou art tossed in wild commotion,
With the storm-winds round thee wailing,
And thy brow with fear is paling,
Remember me.

Is thy faith in friendship shaken?
Have the trusted ones forsaken?
Are the hopes thou'st fondly cherished,
Lying in their ashes—perished?
Remember me.

Art thou weary with the wrestling?
Like the wounded dove, art nestling
For some quiet spot to rest thee?
Where some kindred heart hath blessed thee?
Remember me.

And when restless thou art sleeping,
'Neath the watch that memory's keeping,
Bending o'er thee like the willow,
I will soothe thy troubled pillow,
If thou'lt remember me.

WATER.

The water! the water!
The dear and blessed thing.
That all day fed the little flowers
On its banks blossoming.
The water! the water!
That murmured in my ear
Hymns of a saint like purity
That angels well might hear:
And whisper in the gates of heaven,
How meek a pilgrim had been shriven.
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

THE EVENING KISS.

O, pleasant is the welcome kiss,
When day's dull round is o'er,
And sweet the music of the step
That meets us at the door.—J. R. DRAKE.

Domestic Story Department.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FELLOW CLERKS.

BY HERBERT LINTON.

"HAVE you decided about taking Lightfoot, George?" asked a gay voice, as some one entered the luxurious apartment which was tenanted by George Blandon.

The apartment was a large one, and crowded with the manifold appliances of a bachelor's den. In one corner stood a massive bedstead, from which depended rich curtains, meeting the counterpane which was of the same texture. Marble-topped bureaus and tables were covered with every kind of perfumery in gilt and cut-glass bottles. Couches and easy chairs stood about in profusion; a rich riding-saddle hung in a corner; gloves and foils lay scattered around. It was evidently a room in which no female hand had ordering or arranging—for rich as were the appointments, they were thrown together in strange confusion.

The young man addressed as George was a slight youth, scarce twenty in appearance. His dark, fair hair hung in long waves over his neck and almost reached his shoulders. The face round which it clustered would have been handsome, had it not been for a certain air of dissipation, which clouded the blue eyes and gave a sunken and prematurely aged look to the features.

The other was older and seemingly more self-possessed, and with an expression of cunning and craftiness in his black, snake-like eye, that would have taught one versed in human nature to avoid the owner, had it not been for an air of thoughtless gaiety which was well assumed and sustained.

Both were dressed in the height of fashion, and wore their habiliments in an easy, unconcerned and careless manner, as if always accustomed to such things; and yet, had one cared to trace these young men to their real homes, they would have found only the commonest and plainest style of living, such as befits people who barely obtain a subsistence for the present and perhaps a decent competence for old age.

The father of George Blandon was a mechanic—much to his son's mortification, who however contrived to keep the fact out of sight as much as possible from his associates. George had entered, some five years before, as clerk in a large mercantile establishment—first as an assistant only, but latterly one of the chief clerks. His ready talents and quick tact had thus raised him above older and better men, who looked upon this superseding with some bitterness, but whose position forbade any complaint.

With the facilities thus sown broadcast before him, and with his aspiring tastes and habits, it was no wonder that George Blandon should yield to the temptation of appropriating large sums to his own use—not as thefts, let us do him the justice to say, but with the view of repaying them with his salary as it increased. Older and wiser men than George Blandon have been wrecked on the same rock round which he was so carelessly playing.

As one expensive taste after another developed itself, his passion for money increased, and the luxury of his chambers at the Pavilion was doubled and magnified, until it reached a princely appearance. While his employers thought that his home was at the plain and modest residence of his father, he was inhabiting one more gorgeous than the partners of the firm ever dreamed of possessing.

Charles Renton was his chosen associate. Similarity of tastes and pursuits bound them together. Renton possessed, however, a passion for play which Blandon did not indulge, and frequently loaned his friend large sums of money, which Blandon was obliged to borrow from his employers to repay.

Juliana Blandon, his sister, was a lovely and interesting girl, brought up in the utmost simplicity, and loving her pleasant home with an attachment that no hope of a grander or loftier one could abate. She and her brother were the only children of Mr. Blandon, who was an unpretending mechanic who sought merely to make his family comfortable and happy, without the aid of riches.

He had been pleased, as was natural, with his son's advancement, little dreaming that he was involved in error—George's only pretence in leaving the house to take up his abode in other quarters being that his home was too far from his business.

Trusting wholly to his son's integrity, and believing that he only roomed with Charles Renton for convenience at some cheap lodging, he had never troubled himself to investigate his place of abode. How would his honest eyes have widened to see the luxurious breakfast-service, the liquor-cases, and all the appointments of his son's new home!

Such was the state of affairs when Renton burst gaily into the room, on the morning of which we have spoken, and asked him about taking a fine horse which they had been previously talking of buying, and the price of which was four hundred dollars.

"Where will you keep him, so that it will not be found out by the Parkers and your father, in case you finish the bargain?" asked Charles Renton.

"Lowe will board him for us, I think, and no questions asked or answered."

"Very good. Now for the money!"

"Well, I have not borrowed but a few dollars from my quarter's salary, and I hope you have not."

"Faith, I am all cleaned out of cash for the next year!"

"How could you be so imprudent? They will ask questions, soon, that you cannot answer."

"Let them. They grind down a fellow to a mere pittance, and then expect him to live honestly upon it. But come—let us go and see Juliana."

No, Charles; whatever you do, you shall not engage Juliana's affections. Sooner than that, I would expose your whole style of living to her, and ask her if she thought you could support it from your small income alone."

"And why may I not visit her, if she likes me?"

"Because my father is bent on her marrying a young minister who once boarded in our family, and he loves his daughter too well to trust her with you."

"Hush, George! This is coming with an ill grace from you, who have drawn me into so many scrapes."

"Well, perhaps you are right; but do not ask me to take you home with me."

"As you like. *I* do not violate the laws of hospitality with *you*."

"I know it, Charles. I would almost think better of you, if you *did* refuse to admit me to the presence of your beautiful sister."

"Well, well, we will talk about the horse. Goodrich does not want to sell him, but he is short of funds. He is such a splendid animal, that it seems too bad not to get him at such a bargain."

That night, the horse was bought with money borrowed from the safes of their employers, and put out to board at Lowe's stable, with an injunction not to tell who the animal belonged to; and that night, Charles Renton visited Juliana Blandon, in her brother's absence, and won her affections to himself—Mr. Blandon and his wife easily consenting, because he was their son's chosen friend, and, of course, a fit lover for their daughter.

George bit his lip in agony, when he heard of this sacrifice, and could only trust that something might prevent it at last. * * *

It was six years after this, that the Blandons were assembled, one evening, in their homely little dwelling in the outskirts of the flourishing town of Monson. Father, mother and daughter were all there, and only the son and brother was wanting. Everything in the room where they sat betokened economy and prudence, while all was scrupulously neat and clean. Mrs. Blandon and Juliana were braiding straw. Mr. Blandon, past his hard labor—not from age, but from sorrow and ill health—was splitting the material as fast as they required it. The face of each wore a sad but patient look, as if grief had long been tugging at the heart-strings and would soon break them down altogether.

Few were the spoken words, but each knew well of what the others were thinking. They were dwelling upon the remembrances of the past—of the uncertainty of the fate of the beloved son and brother—of the many changes through which he might be called to pass, if indeed he were yet a dweller on earth.

Nothing had been heard of him since the time in which a forgery had been committed on the Parkers, six years before; and Charles Renton had disappeared at the same time.

Nothing but tenderness was in Mrs. Blandon's heart towards her son. "He was so young!" she said, when her husband spoke angry words. "Remember, dear husband, the child was so young!"

"Old enough not to break all our hearts for the sake of living better than his parents did," was the uncompromising answer of the sternly honest and upright father.

"Think as well as you can, dear father, of them both," said a soft and plaintive voice, as Juliana looked up from her straw, with eyes blinded by tears.

"My poor child!" said the pitying father. "This is doubly hard upon you, and it makes me feel doubly hard towards those who have made all this sorrow."

"And yet, father, should George return, penitent and sorrowful, would you be less a father than he who, in ancient times, fell upon the neck of the son who was surely as guilty as yours has been?"

Mr. Blandon wiped away the tears that were now falling fast over his work.

"Do not let us talk of this, my daughter. We must bide God's time. If he sends my prodigal back to me, changed and repentant, who knows that he may not also send a softened feeling to my heart also?"

"I will trust to thee, then, my dear father," said the girl, smiling through her tears.

At midnight, the father lay dreaming of his son. Sweet thoughts, like those which he had often indulged in the boy's childhood—for Mr. Blandon, although a poor man, was not destitute of cultivated and even strongly poetical fancies—came over his sleeping hours. Again the child was in his arms, a bright, laughing, golden-haired boy, and he was clasping him to his bosom with all a father's intense, overpowering love for his first-born hope. His dream was rudely broken, and he felt the clasping arms of his child dissolve and fall away from about his neck.

"Wake, husband, wake!" said the voice of his wife; and with a strong effort, he raised himself in bed and looked wildly around the dim chamber, lighted only by the feeble light of the night-lamp. "I heard a knock on the outside door. Do see who it is. Something tells me it is George, or that some news of him is at hand. Open the window, and speak."

Trembling still from the excitement of his dream, Mr. Blandon went slowly to the window, and throwing it up, asked who was there.

"Father!"

The moon shone brightly, and there, beneath its beams, stood a figure which, without the voice, Mr. Blandon would at once have recognized as his son. Not worn and squalid and broken down, as the father had often pictured him to his own mind, but strong and erect, and with the bearing of a man who comes home with the assurance of being received and welcomed!

"Father!" again sounded on the still night air; and hastily throwing on some clothes, and calling Juliana from her slumbers, the parents descended to the door.

George entered, and clasped them alternately in his arms. He had just arrived in the cars, and his anxiety would not permit him to sleep until he had seen them all. He told them of his miserable flight, after the crime of which he had been guilty—of the anguish of mind which he had undergone, in consequence of his wanderings amidst cold and hunger and privations to the distant West, to which he had walked nearly the whole way—of his labor, hard and unremitted, by which he had been able to purchase a small portion of the rich soil, and had increased his possessions, until now he was free of the world, and could count broad acres of his own.

He told them, too, that when far away, with Nature for his only witness, he had looked back to the miserable life for which he had bartered his innocence, and had found how poor and mean it looked to him at that distance of time and place. He told them, too, that he had made ample reparation to every one whom he had injured, before he would enjoy a single fruit of his industry—that he had sworn the Parkers to secrecy, preferring that even his parents should not know of his existence, until he could appear before them honorably discharged from the consequences of his early errors.

A question trembled long on Juliana's lips, but she could not bring herself to utter it. Her brother saw her emotion, but before he could speak, his father anticipated the question.

"Where is poor Charles Renton?"

Mr. Blandon had grown suddenly mild and forgiving towards all sinful, erring ones.

"He is here, waiting only to know how I am received, and how well I can plead for his pardon with my sister."

"Let him come," said the old man. "To-night let us not bear malice against any human being. By the joy of this meeting time, let us receive to our hearts all who are truly repentant. Let him come to our home and our hearts again."

A bright look overspread the face of Juliana—such as had not been seen there for the last six years; and when George went out and returned with Charles Renton, she welcomed him with tears and blushes—for it was not the slight, showy, effeminate youth, who left her in such misery, but a strong, hardy, yet gentle looking man, whose hard hands showed that he had *labored* to bring himself into the paths of respectability and virtue once more.

All her early affection for him revived at once; nor did the father forbid her to bestow it on one whose youthful guilt, though miserable to remember, was evidently blotted out by the higher resolve of his manhood.

Accompanied by the whole family, Charles went, on the next day, to the town where his father resided, and a similar scene took place when they arrived. Mr. Renton was a gentle, forgiving man. He took his son at once to his heart, forgetting that he had ever done wrong, in the great and unspeakable joy of seeing him once more.

"And now," said George, "how soon will you all be ready to go home with us to the West? We have sufficient for all. No more braiding straw, at your age, dearest mother—no more sad tears for you, my sister—but all shall be happy and peaceful for you. You will not find me, father, in such a luxurious room as that in which I parted from you on that last miserable night, when I was obliged to flee from justice—but you will find comfort and plenty for your declining years, and a son whose whole life will be too short to make up to you what you have suffered."

"We will go!" responded every voice in the group; and before a month had gone by, the travellers were on their way, rejoicing in the goodness of that Power which makes crooked paths straight, and turneth the hearts of men from continuing in evil.

In the pleasant clearing of a western forest, stand four log houses clustered together by the side of a sparkling river. Broad lands, cultivated to perfection, and yielding a thousand fold, are spread before the eye; while beyond, magnificent forests, depth after depth, invite the wanderer to penetrate their recesses. Here dwell the four families, secure in each other's affection, and enjoying all that life can give, with the exception of the one remembrance of youthful error, without which, perhaps, no life is wholly and entirely free.

To their children they relate the tale as a warning against temptation; and the little ones listen in wonder and amazement that fathers so good and perfect as theirs, could ever have been led astray.

A RATTLESNAKE.

Last fall, a woman residing in the vicinity of Worcester was picking blackberries in a field near her house, having with her her only child, a bright-eyed little fellow of less than a year old. The babe sat upon the ground, amusing himself with grasping at clumps of yellow weed that grew within reach, and eating berries brought him from time to time by his mother. The latter, at length, intent upon gathering the fine fruit, passed round a rock, which hid her child from view. She was about to return to him, when, hearing him laughing and crowing in great glee, and thinking he must be safe, as he was so happy, she remained a little longer where she was. Suddenly the little voice ceased; and, after another moment's delay the young mother stepped upon the rock and looked over, expecting to see her babe asleep, and instead of which he was sitting perfectly motionless, his lips parted, and his wide open eyes fixed with a singular expression upon some object, which at first she was unable to discern. Who can judge of her horror when, on closer scrutiny, she perceived, some four or five feet from her infant, a rattlesnake, with its glittering eyes fastened upon his, and nearing him by an almost imperceptible motion. The sight of her darling's peril so nearly paralyzed her that for an instant she half believed the dreadful fascination had extended to herself; but the certainty that unless she was the instrument of salvation to her child he was inevitably lost, in some degree restored her powers. She glanced wildly round for something that might be used as a weapon, but nothing appeared; and already the venomous reptile had passed over half the space which divided him from his victim. Another moment and all would be lost! What could be done? In her hand she held a broad tin pan; and springing from the rock, quick as thought, she covered the snake with it, and stood upon it to prevent its escape. The charm was broken: the child moved, swayed to one side, and began to sob. At the same time the mother recovered her voice and screamed for aid, retaining her position until it arrived, when the cause of her terrible fright was despatched.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

THE FASHION THAT NEVER CHANGES.—There is one fashion that never changes. The sparkling eye, the coral lip, the rose leaf blushing on the cheek, the rounded form, the elastic step are always in fashion. Health, rosy, bounding, gladsome health, is never out of fashion; what pilgrimages are made, what prayers are uttered, for its possession! Failing in the pursuit, what treasures are lavished in concealing its loss, or counterfeiting its charms!

Floral Department.

[Prepared expressly for The Flag of our Union.]

—— "Fair-handed Spring
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus with unnumbered dyes.
Then comes the auricula, enriched with shining meal
O'er all their velvet leaves."

Flowers.

Flowers are always appropriate in the church, as expressive of its purest and most social themes, and blending their sweetness with the incense of prayer. Appropriate in the joy of the marriage hour, in the loneliness of the sick room, and crowning with prophecy the foreheads of the dead. They give completeness to the associations of childhood, and are appropriate even by the side of old age, strangely as their freshness contrasts with wrinkles and gray hairs; for still they are suggestive, they are symbolical of the soul's perpetual youth, the inward blossom of immortality, the amaranth crown. In their presence we feel that the body shall go forth as a winged seed.

Hot-Bed Culture.

Devote at least one-eighth of your hot-bed to forwarding such annuals as the beautiful phlox drummondii, choice cockscombs, balsams, or ladies' slippers, and any other annual liked that is marked half hardy in the catalogue. Get in a few pots of the various kinds of bedding plants. Take off some slips and insert in sand. They will soon root. Pot them off singly, and by May you have nice plants for bedding Get in your dahlia roots; they will soon sprout. Take these sprouts off, and strike as cuttings if you want abundance of plants; if not, a division of the old roots will do.

Welcome Gift.

Before us, in our sanctum, is a fragrant and beautiful bouquet, from whom we know not, but its delicious sweetness is not equal in its power upon the outward senses, to the inward pleasure we realize at this kindly remembrance from one who signs—"A reader of The Flag of our Union" Who says there are not sunny spots in the laborious, hum-drum life of an editor? We love to dream over the friendly feelings that may be exercising many a distant one on whom we have never looked, but with whom we keep up a constant, weekly correspondence, through these editorial pages.

Laying out a Garden.

It is about time to be thinking now of open air gardening, and work may be commenced as soon as the frost is fairly out of the ground. In laying out a garden, a level plat of ground, with a southern aspect, sheltered from the north and west winds, should be preferred. The ground should be trenched two spades deep.

Bordering.

There is no part of gardening which requires so much elegance of taste and fancy, as in setting off a border or bed of intermixed flowers to advantage Observe to diversify the king of flowers, so as to display when in bloom, the greatest possible variety of shades and contrasts.

Cyclamen.

The foliage of these plants is of a dark green velvet color; and the flowers of the variety Coum are of a dark crimson color. Those of the variety Persicum are of a delicate French white, tipped with pink, and their fragrance is similar to that of the wild rose.

Ixias.

These are tender but free-flowering bulbs, producing on their stems, which vary in height from six inches to two feet, very delicate flowers of various colors,—orange, blush, white, purple, green, crimson, scarlet, and some have two or three colors connected in the same plant.

Out-door Roses.

Your garden rose bushes have deteriorated and grown poor in color and fruitfulness. They can be revived. Now is the time to dig them up; replant them with fresh new earth added to the roots; trim them carefully, and water with care. They will start anew and bear profusely.

The Expression of Flowers.

Silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; while the night-smelling rocket is a figure of life as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness.

Iris, or Flower-de-Luce.

The tuberous-rooted are of various colors, as blue, yellow, brown or spotted; they are easily cultivated, and flower freely in a loose soil, inclining to moisture, if planted in March or April.

The Star of Bethlehem.

There are about fifty varieties of these bulbs, natives of the Cape of Good Hope. When cultivated in the garden, they produce their flowers early in June.

Jester's Picnic.

"Bob, that is a fine horse you have there; what is he worth?"
"Three hundred and fifty dollars."
"No, not so much as that!"
"Yes, every cent of it, and another fifty on top of it."
"Are you sure?"
"Yes I'll swear to it."
"All right!"
"What are you so inquisitive for?"
"Merely for assessing purposes; I am assessor for this ward, and only wanted to know what you rated your nag at."

A noted villain in Colonel Bailie Peyton's district, who was always a hard worker against the colonel, was observed to be missing on election day.

"What's become of Bill Jones?" asked the candidate, of one of Bill's cronies.

"Well," responded the latter, "I believe he's been shut up, down in Georgia, for rough gambling."

"Rough gambling! what's rough gambling down in Georgia?"

"Why, cutting trunks off from behind stages and such like."

A bottle-nosed loafer went into one of our barber-shops, the other day, and, after being shaved, handed the proprietor a red cent, upon which he was informed that the price of shaving was a sixpence. Loafer replied very coolly:

"I know it, and that (pointing to the cent) only lacks five cents of it! You aint a-going to stand for half a dime!"

There was no appeal to this ludicrous view of the case. The barber said he was satisfied, and the customers roared with laughter.

A few nights since, a young lady and gentleman were discussing at a ball some of the persons present.

"What pretty girls!" said the gentleman, as two charming girls (sisters) passed them.

"Yes," said the lady; "pity they are consumptive! And such horrid tempers, too; fight like cats and dogs at home, and yet when they go out, dress alike, and look as if butter would not melt in their mouths."

A lady occupying room letter B, at one of our hotels, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven, and if letter B says 'let us be,' don't let us be; nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B., who is to be on hand at half-past seven." The porter, a better boot-jack than orthographist, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B or let her be.

The following answer was made to a young lady who had sent her lover a kiss in a letter:

"Thanks to my little absent friend—
A kiss you in your letter send;
But ah! the thrilling charm is lost
In kisses that arrive by post;
That fruit can only tasteful be
When, gathered, melting, from the tree!"

A learned philosopher being in his study, a little girl came for some fire. Says the doctor, "but you have nothing to take it in," and as he was going to fetch something, the girl, taking some cold ashes in one hand, put the live coals on with the other. The astonished sage threw down his books, saying:

"With all my learning, I should never have found out that expedient."

"Is this good money?" said a man to a suspicious-looking wight who had made some small purchase of him.

"It ought to be good, for I made it myself," was the answer.

With that, he took the man up for coining; but the man, in his defence, proved that he made the money by boot-making.

"Mr. Magistrate, I want to ask you one question. Has a man got a right to commit a nuisance?"

"No, sir; not even the mayor."

"Then, sir, I claim my liberty. I was arrested as a nuisance—and as no man has a right to commit me, I move for a non-suit."

The question has been carried up.

An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, the Welshman said:

"There is such noble housekeeping in Wales, that I have known a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner."

"Ah," answered the Englishman, "every man toasted his own cheese."

A peasant went to his priest to confess having stolen hay from a large stack belonging to a neighbor.

"How many loads did you take?" asked the father confessor.

"You may as well reckon the whole stack at once," said the peasant, "as I and my wife intend to fetch it all away before we stop."

Flogging schoolboys may make them smart, but then it is in the wrong place. If a boy has intellect, he will get along without the cane. If, on the contrary, he is dull and stupid, pelting him over the head will make him not so ambitious to overcome algebra as to overcome the schoolmaster.

"Doctor," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter has had a terrible fit this morning; she continued full half an hour without knowledge or understanding."

"O," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

The Life of a "Gentleman."—He gets up leisurely—breakfasts comfortably—reads the paper regularly—dresses fashionably—lounges fastidiously—eats a tart gravely—tattles insipidly—dines considerably—drinks superfluously—kills time indifferently—sups elegantly—goes to bed stupidly—lives uselessly.

A reeling drunkard on meeting an acquaintance, accosted him thus:

"Well, colonel, I hear you can raise the evil one?"

"Yes," replied the colonel; and with his foot sent the drunkard's basket, containing a jug of rum, twenty feet above his head!

A late Cork paper contains the following advertisement: "To let.—To a small family, the second loft of Mr. McDermott's barn, with the privilege of the scuttle." For a small family who wants an airy location, we should think this afforded very superior inducements.

A chap reading that Mexican flies had been received in this city, went into a hardware store and asked to look at some of them.

He is the brother of the man who inquired for a pound of Liverpool dates, received by one of the steamships.

COCKNEY COUNSEL.

If you vants to get for'ard, vy, here's 'ow you vill,
Never know none that's in pocket a low body;
Vell—and I'll give you a betterer still—
Never do nothink—for nothink—for nobody.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

The Favorite Weekly Miscellaneous Journal.

DESIGNED FOR THE HOME CIRCLE.

This long established and well known weekly paper, after *eleven years* of unequalled prosperity and popularity, has become a "household word" from Maine to California, gladdening the fireside of rich and poor, in town and country, all over the wide extent of the United States. It should be a weekly visitor to every American home, because

☞ It is just such a paper as any father, brother, or friend would introduce to the family circle.
☞ It is printed on the finest satin-surfaced paper, with new type, and in a neat and beautiful style
☞ It is of the mammoth size, yet contains no advertisements in its eight super royal pages.
☞ It is devoted to news, tales, poems, stories of the sea, discoveries, miscellany, wit and humor.
☞ It is carefully edited by M. M. Ballou, who has sixteen years of editorial experience in Boston.
☞ It contains in its large, well filled and deeply interesting pages not one vulgar word or line.
☞ It numbers among its regular contributors the best male and female writers in the country.
☞ Its tales, while they absorb the reader, cultivate a taste for all that is good and beautiful in humanity
☞ It is acknowledged that the good influence of such a paper in the home circle is almost incalculable.
☞ Its suggestive pages provoke in the young an inquiring spirit, and add to their store of knowledge.
☞ Its columns are free from politics and all jarring topics, its object being to make home happy.
☞ It is for these reasons that it has for years been so popular a favorite throughout the country.

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THE TIGER ...

THE WARRIOR PR...

A Story of Mil...

BY LAWRENCE ...

[CONTIN...

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PERILS OF DON RAFAEL.

THAT part of El Gaspacho's report relating to Colonel Tres Villas leaves no doubt as to the purpose of the eight horsemen we spoke of assembled in one of the clearings of the forest of the Ostuta. They were Arroyo's soldiers sent in pursuit of him. Still, if we remember what El Gaspacho said, there were then ten of them, and we find but eight.

Before relating how their numbers had been thus diminished, we must revert to the moment when Don Rafael left the battle-field of Huajapam. When the songs of victory chanted by Trujano's soldiers had ceased, Don Rafael reflected that, in making a solitary journey of thirty leagues, through a country almost wholly in a state of insurrection, his safety must depend on certain precautions. His embroidered uniform, his helmet, his whole equipment would render him too conspicuous. Besides this, he was badly armed; his long dragoon sabre had been broken during the battle; it was necessary to remedy all this at once.

He could neither undertake to penetrate his tent to seek fresh arms and a change of dress, nor could he hope that it had not been plundered like all those of the royalist camp. Still he retraced his steps, hoping that the field of battle itself would furnish what he needed. Nor was he mistaken. Without venturing too near the insurgents to run new risks, the colonel found, at the farthest point from Huajapam, where he and Caldelas had stood the charge of Morelos, a two-edged sabre to replace his own. He also changed his helmet for an insurgent's felt hat, on the band of which was the inscription *Independencia o' muerte* (Independence or death)! He tore off the motto, trampled it under foot, and put on the hat.

He also assumed, in place of his rich cavalry uniform, the jacket of an infantry soldier, and, thus equipped, though his accoutrement was rather odd, after having made sure that the pistols were in order in the holsters, he resumed the road, and resolutely pushed el Roncador forward.

We will not enter into a detail of all the precautions the colonel took to avoid falling in with parties of insurgents who were scouring the country; we will only say that he travelled in the night as much as possible. But travelling in the night did not present a complete means of safety, and more than once the colonel required all his courage and coolness to extricate himself from difficulty.

The evening of the third day of his departure, at twilight, he was near his house, and hoping to be in safety in a few minutes afterwards, when two vedettes of Arroyo's troop, who were besieging, or to speak more correctly, blockading del Valle, perceived him and rushed on him with the view of making him prisoner. Arroyo had ordered this course with every individual who made his appearance in the neighborhood of the hacienda.

Without knowing that he was dealing with the soldiers of a guerillero he had sworn to exterminate, Don Rafael was not the man patiently to endure so rude an attack from any quarter. We have seen how the two aggressors were received, only El Gaspacho had somewhat embellished the truth in his report.

One of them had his shoulder broken so near the heart, that he died two hours afterwards, and as for the second, before hurling him to the ground, the colonel had taken the preliminary precaution to drive his dagger between his shoulders. But though thus secure from all indiscretion on the part of these two bandits, the colonel had unluckily given the alarm by firing one of his pistols, and as the besiegers had received orders to keep a certain number of horses saddled and bridled night and day, a dozen riders had thrown themselves into the saddle on hearing the explosion.

The colonel had hesitated a moment, undecided whether to continue his course to the hacienda, or to retrace his steps and return again when the night grew darker, and this moment of uncer-